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REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D

SUDDENLY a star of the first magnitude has appeared in the pulpit of New York. Without any heraldry to announce his coming, and at a season of the year when most of the church-going people are out of town, the Rev. Dr. ORMISTON, in the middle of last summer, was announced as having accepted a call, and begun his labors as one of the pastors of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in this city. He was not unknown to fame. He had refused previous invitations to the city; but the call from this venerable body was so quietly made and accepted that the event took the community by surprise. The house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, one of the largest and most beautiful churches in town, was immediately thronged; and now, every Sabbath when he preaches there—and he is always in his pulpit Sabbath evenings—the house is filled to overflowing. Who is he?

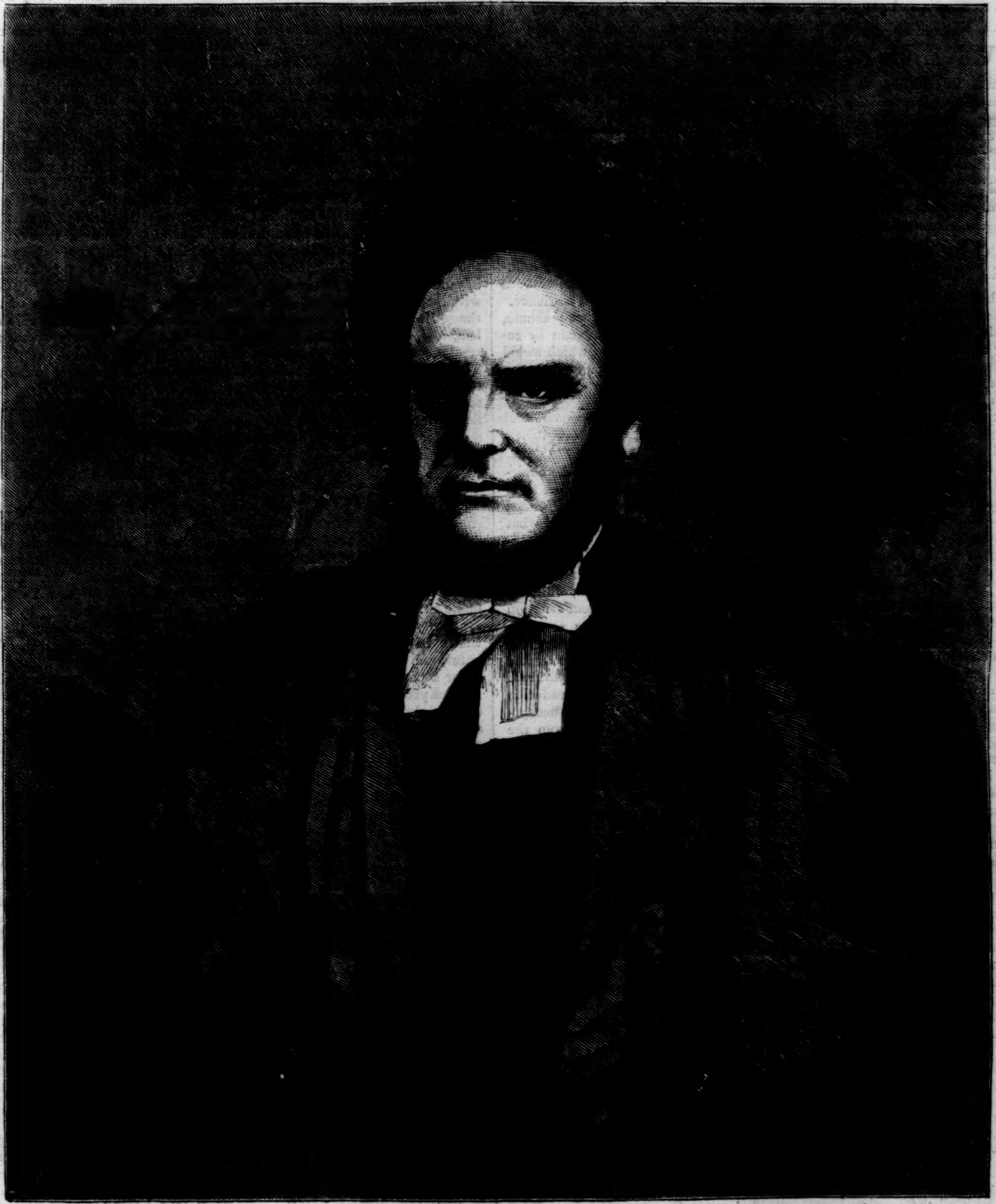
WILLIAM ORMISTON was born in Lymington, Scotland, April 23, 1821. His father was a farmer, and his son was well taught in childhood by an intelligent mother. In 1834 the parents came with the family (says the *Canadian News*) to Canada, and settled in the township of Darlington, about thirty miles east of Toronto. WILLIAM spent four years on the farm, taking a man's share, though only a boy in age, in all the toil, the tear and wear of felling trees, in cross-cutting and rolling logs into piles, in burning the piles, digging, plowing, harrowing, sowing, mowing, harvesting, threshing, and conveying produce to market, making or mending implements of work, repairing his boots or the harness of the horses at hours when others would have rested; yet all the while reading books and acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, mathematics, and Latin, so far as books could assist without a teacher.

One day in winter, when in his eighteenth year, he was cutting fire-wood in the "bush," his father conveying it home. Toward evening, during the absence of the sled, the young man sat down on a log, and fell into a mood of deep, intense, inspiring thought. It was not discontent with hard toil, but an aspiration to engage in higher work. The intellectual forces of his nature impelled him to form visions of other employment than wood-cutting and farm labor. He informed his father, who in turn consulted with the mother, and both agreed that WILLIAM should go to school and college, and be educated for the pulpit; to effect which the father proposed to sell a portion of his land to meet the expenses. But to that proposition WILLIAM firmly said, No, it would be unfair to the rest of the family; he had his plans formed, and would work them out.

Without so much as a sixpence or a penny at command he went to the town of Whitby and opened a school. The present educational system did not then exist. He relied entirely on fees for his income. The school prospered; it was attended more largely than any other had been in that part of Canada. While teaching, he prepared himself for entering college, which he did in 1843, and took the degree of B. A. in Victoria College, Coburg, in 1847. Mr. ORMISTON filled a tutorship in that institution during all the time of his studies, and was elected to a professorship, the duties of which he discharged for two years. In 1849 he was ordained to the ministry in connection with the Canadian branch of the Scottish United Presbyterian Church. His first pastoral charge was in the township of Clarke, and there he still pursued the classics, theology, and science. In 1853 he removed to Toronto, where, for the space of four years, he was Mathematical Master and Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the Normal School. While thus employed in the Normal School he preached frequently, and from time to time lectured, as he had done in years before, on temperance and kindred moral subjects, through every town and almost every village and township in Upper Canada. He had been a teetotaler from childhood. In 1855 this diligent and successful scholar was appointed Inspector of Grammar Schools, first for the whole of Canada West, but subsequently for half of that vast area. He held the inspectorship with the local superintendency of the public schools of Hamilton until the pressure of other duties and delicacy of health compelled him to retire.

In 1857 Mr. ORMISTON accepted a call, which he had previously declined, to be pastor of the Central Presbyterian congregation of Hamilton, where he remained, exerting great influence for good in the city and throughout Canada. Frequently visiting "the States," he was heard at public meetings, General Assemblies, and conventions. He was invited to settle in nearly all the chief cities of this country, and in London, England. All these calls he declined, and, at last, in the fiftieth year of his age, he has removed to the metropolis of the nation, and in the most central part of the town has begun to preach with a degree of success almost without parallel.

He is a strong, nervous, energetic, peculiar speaker. By his abruptness and disregard of conventional rules he arrests the attention, and then with fertility of illustration, with spirited earnestness, mingled tenderness and power, he brings the great truths of the Gospel down upon the heads and hearts of the people. He reproves, rebukes, and exhorts, perhaps not with long-suffering, but with great fidelity—his sincerity of purpose commanding the respect of those who hear. So much spiritual wit enlivens his discourse that the mind is constantly on the alert to catch his words, which come with the rapidity and force of a torrent. No reports of his sermons have given any adequate idea of his manner or matter. He is already "a burning and shining light" in the city.


REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D.

ATTACKING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

ON Saturday, January 21, the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, was visited by a tumultuous crowd, exasperated by the failure of the great sortie of the 19th; but they only listened to the violent speeches of a few mob orators, and uttered threatening shouts. Next day was Sunday, and the doors of the Hôtel de Ville were shut. Precautions were quietly taken by Colonel VABRE, the commandant in charge of the building, who had a sufficient force of Breton Gardes Mobiles. At half past one in the afternoon a party of two hundred or three hundred insurgents, mostly wearing the uniform of the National Guard, came along the Rue de Rivoli, and drew up in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where they began to load their rifles. Ten of the Gardes Mobiles then came out of the building and stood a moment, with shouldered arms, confronting the assailants, who were so frightened by the sight that they hastily retired. They came again, however, at a quarter before three, having rallied upon the quay near the Pont Notre Dame, and were joined by a hundred others from the opposite bank of the river. An officer of the National Guard was at their head, and they cried, "Vive la Commune!" signifying their wish for the establishment of a more revolutionary government than that of General TROCHU and M. JULES FAVRE. They had begun to shake the iron gates of the Hôtel de Ville, when M. VABRE came out to speak to them, accompanied by Major DE LEGGE, commander of the Breton Mobiles, and Adjutant-Major BERNARD. M. VABRE asked the insurgents what they meant to do. The man dressed as a National Guard replied by asking M. Vabre whether his Gardes Mobiles were going to fire upon the people. He had scarcely time to answer when the insurgents began to fire upon M. Vabre and his two companions, who stood by themselves outside the closed door, but inside the closed gate. Adjutant-Major Bernard was struck by three bullets, one in the head, and fell on the pavement. They sheltered themselves behind the sentry-boxes on each side of the door, and escaped further hurt. Meantime the Gardes Mobiles in the rooms above opened the windows, and fired, steadily and deliberately, at the most active and forward of the assailants. These were presently scattered, returning the fire as they fled, some taking refuge behind the lamp-posts, some crouching or lying down behind the heaps of earth in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, others entering the nearest houses and firing out of the windows, or from their roofs and balconies. This is the scene represented by the engraving on page 269. The little group shown at the gate of the Hôtel de Ville, to the left hand, is that of Colonel Vabre and his two companions, who were unable, for some time, to retire inside the building. The conflict lasted half an hour, when the insurgents, who had collected in the Avenue Victoria, hoisted a white handkerchief in token of submission, and the firing ceased. About thirty of them were overtaken and arrested. Nearly a hundred persons lay upon the ground, but many of these were not wounded at all; they got up and sneaked away. A dozen were severely wounded, and five or six were killed. The arrival of a strong force of National Guards and gens-d'armes, between three and four o'clock, put an end to all fear of a renewed attack.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 25, 1871.

☞ *The attractive* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an interesting account of the* Department of Agriculture at Washington, *with a page of illustrations; another installment of the* "Memories of Distinguished Authors;" *a humorous picture entitled,* "An Affair of Honor;" *Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions.*

THE BEGINNING OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

A GREAT victory has been won for the civil service reform. The history of the proceedings which led to this favorable result is interesting, as illustrating the rapid change in the opinion of Congress, and the good sense of the chiefs of the movement. To one of them in particular, the father and pioneer of civil service reform, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, the issue must be especially gratifying. The section which was adopted we presume to have been drawn by him, and its passage, by a great majority, just before the dissolution of the Congress with which his official term expired, was a fit tribute to the ability and zeal with which he has urged the measure.

In his first annual message the President spoke of his resistance to mere political pressure in the case of certain offices, thus showing a sympathy with the movement. But in the second message, last December, he spoke of the abuse which he hoped "to see remedied by this Congress." Mr. Jenckes thereupon modified his bill, and, as we stated some weeks since, the President approved the change. Mr. Schurz modified his, and Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Wilson pressed theirs. Among the different propositions some understanding was imperative, or the project must fail altogether. The result of deliberation among the friends of the reform was the section which has now become law, and which received the unanimous consent of the committee upon the subject. The draft was submitted to the President, and although he possibly preferred the more complete system of the Jenckes bill, he was heartily satisfied with any good measure which Congress would approve. The friendly Senators were not less reasonable, and a majority of the Judiciary Committee reported the proposition to the Senate, and it was placed upon the calendar. But it was unlikely to be reached, and late on the last night of the session Mr. Trumbull moved the section as an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. It was passed by the Senate, every leader of the movement generously waiving his individual preference in order to secure the only practicable measure, and it went down to the House.

In the House, Mr. Dawes called for the reading of all the amendments to the Appropriation bill by the Senate, showed that at so late an hour in the session a committee of conference would probably defeat the entire bill, and moved a concurrence with all the amendments, including the civil service section, by one vote. General Logan, who is one of the most determined enemies of the reform, in a brief speech earnestly protested against the section, and his remarks show his understanding of the scope of the proposition. He denounced the amendment as the most obnoxious civil service bill which had come before the House. "It gives the President full power to appoint a commission, and to prescribe rules for the examination of every man in the United States of America who is to hold a civil office." He concluded by saying, "I do protest against it; and if the House shall pass this [Appropriation] bill with this civil service bill attached to it—a measure which the House has always opposed—I will ask for the yeas and nays, in order that I may record my vote against it." General Garfield heartily approved the section. "I am exceedingly glad," he said, "that we are able, at last, to give, for the first time in the history of this government, a legislative expression in favor of civil service reform." Mr. Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, also warmly supported the proposition. Mr. Dawes called for the vote. General Logan demanded the yeas and nays. The House was so decided that they were refused, and the first great measure of civil service reform was passed by a vote of ninety yeas to twenty noes.

We congratulate the country and Congress; and we rejoice that the Republican party, upon the suggestion of a Republican President, has thus begun one of the most vital and valuable of reforms. It is, indeed, but a beginning. We do not deceive ourselves as to the exact extent of the measure. It is a law of Congress, and Congress may repeal it. It is not mandatory upon the President; it is discretionary. Nor does it directly affect the tenure of office, which is a point indispensable to the completion of the reform. But it is a most emphatic declaration of opinion by Congress, in which hostility to the movement seemed to be intrenched. It authorizes a departure from the malign custom which had become virtually law. It empowers a President, who would gladly exercise the authority, to establish a reasonable system, which the friends of the movement will not fail to demand of him. And unless those friends are sadly mistaken, the working of the system will be its own vindication; and any future Congress, or party, or President will attempt a return to the present vicious custom at their peril. The language of the section has been described as "crude;" but it is substantially that of the British Orders in Council of last June, which established civil service reform throughout the British dominions, and which justified Mr. Mundella's remark, in his lecture at the Cooper Institute, that, although a member of Parliament for one of the largest and most important constituencies in England, he had no more influence in the appointment of a tide-waiter or a post-office clerk than any one of his audience.

In his action under this section, we presume, of course, that the President will begin by requiring a competitive examination, which would at one stroke sweep away many of the worst defects of the present system.

THE SENATE AND Mr. SUMNER.

The removal of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee of the Senate is a grave political blunder. Mr. Sumner is a man of very positive convictions, and what he thinks of persons and questions he very freely says. There is no doubt that he has privately spoken of the President in a manner which could not fail to exasperate any man, while he has publicly criticised the President's action upon certain subjects with extreme severity. All this is conceded; but all this is the very reason that the President should not have wished Mr. Sumner's degradation from his position. We use the word advisedly; for degradation it was intended to be, and so it will be accepted by the country. This is evident from the reasons alleged for the action of the Senate. There was no objection mentioned, nor is any, under the circumstances, conceivable, which would not have been entirely removed by a different composition of the Committee, still leaving Mr. Sumner chairman.

The amazing reason for his removal, stated in the Senate by the chairman of the caucus committee, was the unfriendly *personal*, not official, relations between the Senator and the President! And the Senate sustained the pretext. No reason was offered to show, if unfriendly relations existed, that the Senator was to blame. It was not even suggested that if the Senator had privately spoken harshly of the President, one of the President's confidential friends and secretaries had, in an article in the *Galaxy*, publicly charged the Senator with falsehood. It was not even alleged that in his public criticisms the Senator had misrepresented the action of the President. The personal relations between them were unfriendly, and therefore the Senator must lose his place at the head of the Foreign Committee. How long is it since the Senate was unwilling that the President should remove his own cabinet advisers at his pleasure? Is it now willing that he should name the chairmen of its own committees?

The President came into his office pledged to have no policy of his own. Yet a Republican Senate is willing to make unfriendly personal relations with the President, growing out of difference of opinion upon a measure which is not a party policy, and for which the country has not asked, the excuse for consenting to the humiliation of a Republican statesman of unsurpassed ability, experience, and spotless character, whose long and honorable career is identified with the greatest glories of the country and the party. The Senate declares that friendly personal relations with the President shall be the tenure of its highest positions. Then the President has but to interrupt personal relations with a Senator, and he loses his place at the head of a committee! And this, although upon the subject involved in this difference the Senate is constitutionally the peer of the President! The Senate of the United States has forgotten its own dignity and responsibility. In removing Senator Sumner, for the reasons stated by the committee, which it sustained, it has been guilty of what can only be called servility.

We are fully aware, indeed, of the force of political necessity. We understand that in a government by party accord is essential between the various branches of the Administration. But there is a harmony still more indispensable than that, and that is the accord of the party itself. The Administration is bound in honor to the party for which it holds power in trust to consider carefully what the political effect of every act will be. Which, then, was probably the more injurious course for the party interests—that Mr. Sumner should be continued chairman, with a committee favorable to the foreign policy of the Administration, or that the most distinguished Republican leader in the country should be humiliated because he differed from the President? That was the question for the caucus to determine; and the kind of excuse which was uttered, and the disclaimers of personal feeling, were no answers to it. And there is one other question which the conduct of the Senate suggests, and which we do not hesitate to ask, because it is felt so deeply in thousands of the truest Republican hearts: is the Republican party strengthened by humiliating Charles Sumner, and honoring Simon Cameron and Daniel E. Sickles?

The better sentiment in every political party is perhaps limited to a small number of adherents; but their cordial sympathy is indispensable to the party success. The secession of the Conscience-Whigs ended the old Whig party. The retirement of the Free-soilers was the departure of heart and power from the Democracy. In the great Republican Convention of 1860 there was a little hesitation to proclaim anew, as superfluous or irrelevant, the words of the Declaration of Independence. But when, in consequence, old Joshua Giddings rose to withdraw, the Convention saw in his departure the retirement of the Ironsides of Republicanism, and, by its reconsideration retaining him, retained enthusiasm, unanimity, and victory. These are lessons of experience, if knowledge of human nature does not suffice. They are terrible warnings. We wish that our Republican friends in the Senate had pondered them more deeply before they consented to humiliate Charles Sumner.

No. 30.

The inevitable tendency of the Democratic party in the United States may be observed and studied in such a proposition as that recently made in the Legislature of New York to make St. Patrick's Day a public holiday, as its sympathy is seen in the election of General Blair in Missouri because of his Brodhead letter, and in the vote of the Virginia House to order a portrait of Robert E. Lee. The St. Patrick proposition was made as an amendment to a resolution designating Decoration-day as a holiday. It was opposed in a little spirited speech by a Democrat of Irish birth, Mr. Edmund Connolly, who remarked that it was an attempt "to make political capital out of claptrap." One of its Democratic advocates said that he was unwilling to make Decoration-day a holiday, but he would gladly confer that honor on St. Patrick. This was a shrewd Democratic calculation, that it is a better party policy to honor a dead Irish saint than the dead Union soldiers. Another of its advocates insisted that the Democratic party could not afford to oppose the proposition.

This was not unwisely said. The meaning of the gentleman was that the Democratic party must, at all hazards and at every cost, propitiate what is called the Irish vote. Nor can any observer fail to see that it is doing it constantly, nor to reflect upon the consequences. The important consideration for every friend of free institutions is that this Democratic policy is abject subservience to a part of the population, which, as a class, is profoundly ignorant, and of the Roman Catholic faith. Its religious faith, indeed, would be of no importance but for the very significant fact that it is the only sect which has a distinct and permanent political policy. It aims, as a sect, to direct the measures of government. Its adherents are divided by no ecclesiastical lines among themselves, and they are politically led by their clergymen. This was recently most strikingly illustrated in the case of Father Farrell, a Roman Catholic clergyman in this city, who, having written a letter favoring popular liberty and self-government in Italy, was disciplined by his ecclesiastical superiors, and compelled to write a letter of recantation. Let us fancy Bishop Potter calling Dr. Tyng to account for sympathizing with the freedmen, or Bishop Simpson catechising Mr. Andrews for speaking at a Republican meeting, or the Baptist or Presbyterian or Congregational authorities dealing with any of their preachers for advocating liberty and the American principle of government! We should then understand the policy and the peril of the sects acting as such in politics.

The Democratic policy of winning the Irish vote at all costs is, therefore, the policy of yielding to the political demands of the Roman Catholic priesthood. And this is a subject which can not wisely be disregarded. It is to this policy that we owe the attack upon the Free School system. It begins always with the Democrats, and is sustained by them. Its object is a sectarian division of the public school money. Its result would be the destruction of the most vital defense of free republican institutions. Every vote for the Democracy is, therefore, a direct blow at American liberty. It is to this policy also that the immense grants of the public property to private sectarian institutions are due. The most valuable real estate in the city has been given, under Democratic auspices, to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. Enormous annual gifts of property are made to the same sect. The Democratic city government of New York has given within the last twenty or thirty years, and for a nominal consideration, more than three millions of dollars in real estate to this single sect for sectarian purposes. And had the other sects been equally favored, a very large part of the real estate of the island would be passing into their hands. Blackstone says that but for the statutes of mortmain—laws which forbade real estate from passing without restraint into the possession of corporations that never die, and which give nothing to the state, therefore called dead-hands, as being an inalienable hold—except for these statutes all the real estate of England would have been ingulfed by ecclesiastical corporations.

Fortunately the laws now restrain both this ecclesiastical rapacity and the Democratic disposition to gratify it. But the policy is inexorable. The Irish vote must be retained at every cost, and the demands of its ecclesiastical leaders are insatiable. They strengthen their power in every way. Their control of the Democratic party is sure, for the defection of the vote they direct would be fatal to the Democratic hopes. The present laws, as we said, limit the value of real estate which any religious or charitable corporation may hold. If any society wishes relief, and for good reason, a special act relieves it. But this is attended with danger to the sect. Every instance of relief under this system is publicly scrutinized and debated. The ecclesiastical chiefs of the Irish vote desire unlimited power of acquiring and holding real estate. To this startling demand, which is really the restoration of the old ecclesiastical system in England, the Democratic party proposes to yield. To win the Irish, which is virtually the Roman Catholic vote, it is prepared to surrender another safeguard of popular liberty, and to bring political government more surely under ecclesiastical control. Mr. Tweed, the Democratic autocrat of New York, has introduced a bill, No. 30, removing, by a general law, the special restrictions upon the holding of real estate now existing in all the charters of religious corporations in the State.

The scope and the intention of the bill are evident. The Irish vote must be had, and, therefore, the price must be paid. To propose St. Patrick's Day as a holiday was logical. It may have been premature. But it will be supported by the Democratic party whenever it is necessary to retain the Irish vote. If to retain that vote it be necessary to fill the public schools of this city with Roman Catholic text-books, that policy will be supported by the Democratic party. It is not a New York question, but an American, a national question. It is the question whether it is wise or safe to call to power a party whose policy is dictated by a political priesthood controlling the most ignorant class of citizens. If the Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian clergy pursued, as sectarian leaders, the same policy that the Roman Catholics pursue, we should oppose them just as firmly; and the party that constantly yielded to their demands we should denounce as the deadliest enemy of the people and of free institutions.

"FACTS FOR Mr. FIELD."

It has been long notorious throughout the country that certain judges and lawyers in this State had so disgraced their profession that "New York justice" and "New York judge" had become terms of derision. That there are, indeed, magistrates in the State well worthy to sit upon the bench where Kent and Oakley and Jones have sat is a fact familiar to all New Yorkers; and the sense of disgrace latterly cast upon the whole profession by certain conspicuous members has been most acute with those who would have no other than worthy successors of such magistrates in their seats. Some four years ago an article in the *North American Review*, undoubtedly written in New York, and by a New York lawyer thoroughly acquainted with the facts, vigorously exposed the shameful character of certain proceedings under the name of law in this city. And since the Erie litigations began, their extraordinary character has arrested the attention of the whole country, and has justified the worst charges ever made against certain judges and lawyers, and deepened the suspicion with which the administration of law is regarded here by other States. "Is it possible," asked some eminent English lawyers, who were here during the summer, "that the persons implicated in these proceedings hold any position in decent society or among reputable men?"

The proceedings of Mr. Fisk and his friends in the Erie management are well known. The servility of the Governor of New York to the power wielded by them is in perpetual proof in his signature of the bill authorizing them to retain control of the property of the road without the consent of the owners, and has been exposed in his own party papers as well as in those which are politically opposed to him. But it would be impossible for the Erie proceedings to have been continued without the assistance of able and learned lawyers and the favor of judges. That such judges could be found, if the statements in the *Review* of which we have spoken were true, was probable; but that among conspicuous lawyers those could be found who would do what it was generally asserted that Mr. David Dudley Field had done was not easily believed.

What had long been privately discussed was at length, however, publicly mentioned, and led to the correspondence upon which we have hitherto commented between Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, and Mr. Field. In that correspondence Mr. Field asserted stoutly that a lawyer is not responsible for the reputation of his clients, and that no man, because of evil character and repute, is to be deprived of his legal rights of defense. These are propositions which are very generally admitted. But the real question in the controversy was whether a lawyer may prostitute his knowledge and ability to give a technical legal protection to the designs of rogues. And to this view of the question Mr. Field substantially replied that it would be time enough for him to answer charges of professional misconduct when they were made; but that gossip and loose newspaper talk were not to be treated as serious charges. Meanwhile there was no question as to the fact of the general impression in regard to Mr. Field's conduct. The truth may not have been known, or may have been wickedly perverted by his enemies. But, although aware that Mr. Field's respect for the assertions of the press is not profound, we venture to assert it to be the truth that, however unjustly, Mr. Fisk was not regarded as an honorable man, and that Mr. Field was generally believed to be very largely paid by him to "see him through." We repeat that this was merely a universal impression. It may have been ill founded; but any group of gentlemen talking upon the subject did—as a matter of fact, but perhaps erroneously—agree in that view. Mr. Field meanwhile maintained his position of contempt for the slanderous gossip of the press, and demanded facts in proof of his alleged professional misconduct.

As the case stood the honor of the profession and public morality were concerned, but nobody seemed willing to move. The public was morally persuaded of the truth of the assertions regarding Mr. Field, but it could still be technically urged that they could not be proved. At length, however, General Barlow, in a series of letters to the *Tribune*, has brought from the official records of the Erie litigations a mass of facts, sworn as evidence in the trials, which will probably satisfy most readers as to the real position of Mr. Field. The letters are vigorously and clearly written, but wholly without heat. They submit, in the most intelligible manner, to Mr. Field and to the public, the facts for which he has asked. They show that certain proceedings of Mr. Fisk in 1869 were described by Judge E. Darwin Smith, a spotless magistrate, as "fraudulent," and that the counsel of Mr. Fisk in the proceedings was Mr. Field; that Mr. Field was concerned in bringing Judge Barnard from Poughkeepsie to the city of New York to hold chambers, at half past ten o'clock at night, in the house of Josephine Mansfield Lawlor, for the purpose of removing Mr. Ramsay from the presidency of a railroad, and appointing Mr. Fisk receiver; that Mr. Field was privy to certain other abuses of law, of which the details are stated from sworn evidence; that Mr. Field, by his action, deprived Mr. Ramsay of the power of taking testimony, and then forced him to trial in an unfriendly court; that Mr. Field has asked for illegal injunctions from a judge whom he knew to be friendly to his client, and has improperly removed suits from the courts in which they belonged to the court of Judge Barnard, whom he had himself denounced as dishonest. Having carefully made his preparations, General Barlow has charged as resistlessly as at Spottsylvania, and has done his country as signal a service.

Now, having challenged a plain statement of the grounds of the ill opinion which is entertained of his professional conduct, it shows very suspicious anger upon the part of Mr. Field, that he speaks of General Barlow—who was very much better known to the country than Mr. Field until Mr. Field's connection with Mr. Fisk made him notorious—as "this person" going about to "gather scandal." Mr. Field is lawyer enough to know that that is the very question at issue, and public opinion can be changed only by refutations as distinct as the charges. That there is a scandal, and of the most flagrant kind, is universally admitted. It was clear also that it could be conclusively exposed only by some citizen who, in a time and city where disinterested public service has become a vague tradition, would take the trouble to serve his profession and the good name of the city and State by exposing it. This General Barlow has done, and for this every good citizen will sincerely thank him. His powerful and conclusive statement, and the fact of his willingness to make it, will show to other States that there are lawyers in New York who do not hesitate to bring so great a scandal to the judgment of public opinion, that the proud traditions of their profession in the State may not be lost.

Will the Bar Association now act? It was formed to purify the profession. If it can not act decisively in such a case as this, when can it? How can it avoid degrading instead of elevating the profession if it will neither tell the truth itself, nor sustain its members who tell it? Can it suffer such charges as are now made, upon apparently incontrovertible evidence, against one of its members to pass unnoticed? It must either take decisive action, or those members who believe that General Barlow has told the truth will, we hope, prefer to bear their testimony by resigning.

NOTES.

It is remarkable that when a woman asks that if she is taxed she may also be represented, she is denounced by male editors as a platform termagant striving to "unsex herself." But when she proposes to teach cooking, so that men's dinners may be a little more appetizing, she is extolled as "really doing something for the improvement of her sex."

If there were any doubt of the lofty independence with which the *World's* favorite statesman, Governor Hoffman, uses the great veto power confided to him by the people for their defense against hasty or unjust legislation, it would be disposed of by the fact that, although his Excellency signed the Erie bill, and the Broadway job, and the water bill, he has sternly vetoed the bill which "narrowed the time during which game is protected from the hunt." Happy the State whose Chief Magistrate keeps so vigilant an eye upon great public interests!

In a little volume called "Our Girls," neatly and very legibly printed, and published by the Harpers, Dr. Dio Lewis, the author of certain popular treatises upon health and the morals of the body, so to speak, addresses himself in a sprightly and familiar manner to young women. He talks of their boots and shoes and walking; of their dress and its follies; of their idleness and work and opportunities; of their study of music, French, and dancing; of their bathing and exercise; of their eating, drinking, and recreation; and finally of their matrimony. It is a brisk, sensible, intelligent talk, which every girl can understand, and by which she can profit—one of the books which are always timely, and in this instance, from the pretty way in which it is "got up," a very useful gift.

It is agreed upon all sides that the condition of the late rebel States is deplorable; and even the advices of papers unfriendly to the Republican party concede this fact. The Democratic papers say that it is the natural result of Republican rule. The more friendly papers think that it is due to disfranchisement, by which many of the most intelligent people of the States are excluded from public life; and the indifferent papers declare that nothing else is to be expected so soon after the war. Certainly very much such a condition was to be anticipated, and we have never thought otherwise. The report of the special committee upon the Ku-Klux outrages tells the story plainly. And the remedy seems to be simple. Removal of every pretense of complaint, and complete personal security, are now required. General enfranchisement, and the summary destruction of the Ku-Klux, should be simultaneous. And for this Mr. Shellabarger's bill provides. It empowers the President to protect all citizens—even with "the bayonet"—when forcible combinations in any State are too strong for the law, and whether the Governor asks for aid or not. Plainly, if disabilities are removed, the Ku-Klux may come into possession of the State governments; and since, whether in or out of authority, the Ku-Klux is increasing, the United States should try its hand, and ascertain if it be invincible. The remedy may be disagreeable, but the disease is, otherwise, mortal. The Ku-Klux terrorism indefinitely postpones the tranquillity which is indispensable to the Southern States.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A scientific institution has lately been organized in the city of Washington under the name of the Washington Philosophical Society, the object of which is to furnish to the many persons interested in science, and resident in Washington, the means of convenient communication with each other, in order to exchange discoveries and observations in different branches of learning. Many organizations with the same end in view have been started at various times in Washington, but have not been very successful in accomplishing their purpose, partly on account of the ambition of the founders in endeavoring to give to them too much of a national basis, and partly because the time was not entirely ripe for such an enterprise. It is believed that the prospects of the success of this new society are very good, as Washington possesses, at the present time, a larger number of specialists in the different departments of science than is to be found in any other city in the United States. This is easily accounted for when we bear in mind that the Coast Survey Office, the Patent-Office, the Agricultural Department, the United States Medical Department, the Smithsonian Institution, the Library of Congress, the National Observatory, the Scientific Bureaus of the War, Navy, Treasury, and Interior departments, and other public bodies, all established at Washington, necessarily attract around them men of eminence in the various branches involved in the proper prosecution of their duties. Professor Henry was elected president of the new society, and the usual officers were also chosen.

We have already, in a previous Number, referred to the examination of a locality in California by Professor Marsh's exploring party, where numerous fossil trees had previously been discovered; and we learn that a detailed report may be looked for in the April number of the *Journal of Science*. The region in question is situated on a high, rocky ridge in Napa County, California, near Calistoga Hot Springs, and about ten miles from the summit of Mount St. Helena. The ridge itself belongs to the Coast Range series, and forms the divide between the Napa and Santa Rosa valleys. It is about two thousand feet in height, and is composed of metamorphic rock of the cretaceous period, overlaid unconformably by later tertiary strata, consisting of light colored, coarse sandstone, and beds of stratified volcanic ashes. A careful examination showed that the trees on the surface of the ground had been weathered out of the volcanic tufa and sandstone, and consequently were of the tertiary age; and also that there remained still imbedded in the volcanic tufa, etc., an extensive forest of very large trees, stretching over a great area. Some of the trees were of great size, a portion of one having been traced for a length of sixty-three feet, with a diameter of seven feet near its smaller end. Another tree indicated an original diameter of not less than twelve feet. All were prostrate, and had apparently been thrown down by the volcanic current which covered them. Many were much decayed internally and worm-eaten before they were buried. All of the wood was silicified, probably by means of hot alkaline waters containing silica in solution—a frequent result of volcanic action.

A careful examination of the wood obtained at this locality showed no essential difference in structure from that of the modern red-woods of California (of the genus *Sequoia*). No other fossils were met with, which rendered it somewhat difficult to fix the precise epoch; but it is considered probable by the Professor that the trees belonged to the pliocene period. The origin of the volcanic material which covered the forest could not be ascertained, although it was supposed to have been derived from Mount St. Helena, which is the nearest volcanic peak.

An animated discussion is at present being carried on by the newspapers on the Pacific coast as to which State possesses the highest mountains; Mount Shasta, in California, with an altitude of 14,440 feet, as determined by Mr. Clarence King, finding it necessary, according to the Olympia papers, to yield the pre-eminence to Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, which Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, decides to be 14,444 feet high, or four feet more than the other.

According to Mr. A. R. Wallace, the most important losses in the ranks of the students of entomology during 1870 are those of Professor J. T. Lacordaire, of Liege, and Mr. A. H. Haliday, of England.

The death of Professor Charles M. Wetherell, late Professor of Chemistry at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is announced as having taken place at his residence in that village on the 5th of March last. This gentleman is well known in the scientific circles of the United States, on account of his researches in theoretical and applied chemistry, in which capacity he was for a time engaged with the United States Agricultural Department, then with the Smithsonian Institution, and ultimately with the university just mentioned.

It is stated by the San Francisco papers that the furs which come to that port from Alaska are no longer sold there, as in former years, but are now transmitted to Europe, where, notwithstanding the expenses of repacking, freight, and insurance, they brought forty per cent. more than could be obtained for them in San Francisco. Sixty thousand fur-seal skins sold in London on the 9th of December last at an average of about $5 per skin. The importation of furs into San Francisco in 1870 exceeded two million dollars in value, and it is probable that the amount will increase for at least some years to come, owing, it is said, to the discovery of several valuable fur-seal islands hitherto unworked.

A writer in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* urges the propriety of establishing signals at certain prominent points on the coast, such as Cuttyhunk, Nobska Light-house, West Chop of Holmes Hole, etc., to be connected with the War Department Storm Signal Office, so that information of approaching storms may be thus communicated to vessels at sea. He remarks that after a voyage has once been entered upon it is, of course, impossible to learn by the newspapers of an impending change of weather, and thinks that a simple arrangement could be devised by which mariners, as they proceed along the coast, could learn what precautions it may be necessary for them to take.

According to a recent report by Dr. Stimpson, upon the crustaceans dredged in the Gulf Stream by Count Pourtalès, of the Coast Survey, eighty-one species, of forty-seven genera, were obtained, of which fifty-two of the species and nineteen of the genera are to be considered as new. Only a small proportion of the species were from great depths, fifteen alone being recorded as coming from below 100 fathoms. The greatest depth at which any of the species were found was 150 fathoms, these belonging to the family of the *Portunidæ*. The portion of Dr. Stimpson's report on the brachyurous crabs of this collection has just been published in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, already so well known for the merit of its zoological memoirs, and the remainder will follow at no distant interval.

It is said that a salmon lately caught at Wooster Cove, Connecticut, is the only fish of the kind that has been taken in the Housatonic River for the last fifty years.

The rapid decrease of food fishes on certain parts of the sea-coast and the lakes of the United States has for a long time been a subject of much solicitude to thoughtful persons; and various causes have been suggested for this state of affairs, and remedies proposed for its correction. Laws have been passed by most of the New England States, and by the British provinces, regulating and protecting the fish and fisheries in the inland waters; but as the jurisdiction of the States does not extend over the high seas no special effort has been made on their part to protect the marine species by legal enactments. In view of the difficulty referred to a bill was introduced at the last session of Congress providing for the appointment of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on the part of the United States, to make inquiries as to the alleged facts, and to report upon the same to Congress, together with any suggestions for legislative action in the premises, and the President has just appointed Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, as the Commissioner in question, with instructions to enter immediately upon the discharge of his duties.

Mr. James Croll announces in *Nature* that the latter half of his paper on the cause of ocean currents—the first portion of which, as published in the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin *Philosophical Magazine*, was considered so interesting to physicists—will soon make its appearance in the journal mentioned; and that he hopes to show that ocean currents are due to the impulse of the winds, the objection to this theory, in his opinion, being founded upon misconceptions regarding the way in which winds produce the great system of oceanic circulation. He thinks it can be easily proved that these currents are not caused by a difference in the specific gravity between the waters of the equatorial and polar regions, as insisted upon by many writers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 7.—In the Senate, a large number of bills were introduced, and laid on the table to await the appointment of the standing committees. Adjourned to the 9th.—In the House, nothing of importance was done, pending the appointment of the standing committees, which the Speaker declined to proceed with. Adjourned to the 9th.

March 9.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to guarantee equal rights to negroes in public conveyances, places of amusement, etc.—The day was spent in the House mainly in discussing the repeal of the duties on salt and coal. No vote was reached.

March 10.—In the Senate, the absorbing topic of discussion was the proposed displacement of Senator Sumner from the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, which was opened by Mr. Sumner himself in declining to serve on the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The resolution was finally adopted by a vote of 30 to 9, Senators Schurz, Tipton, Trumbull, and Wilson not voting.—In the House, the repeal of the salt duty was discussed. The proposition for a reduction was defeated by opposing members offering resolutions that coffee, tea, lumber, timber, potatoes, barley, and malt be placed on the free list, with other propositions that only served to load the salt question. The matter finally ended in Mr. Kelley offering, as an amendment to the entire question, the present tariff law. The House adjourned to Monday.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Dispatches from Kingston, Jamaica, dated March 11, state that the San Domingo Commissioners had arrived there on the *Tennessee*, bound for New York, and that the several reports of the Commissioners were favorable to annexation.

A bill recently introduced into the New York Legislature to make St. Patrick's Day a legal holiday was defeated.

A negro charged with incendiarism was on trial recently at Meridian, Mississippi, when one of his comrades shot the presiding judge, killing him instantly. This led to a general riot, in which another white man and several negroes were killed.

The Mount Carmel District Miners' and Laborers' Beneficial Association has offered a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of George Hoffman.

On the 8th inst. a terrific tornado passed over the eastern part of St. Louis, Missouri, destroying many buildings, and killing and injuring a large number of persons.

Mount Rainier, in Washington Territory, is reported to be in a state of apparent activity, the heat being so great as to melt the snow, and there is a constant emission of steam and smoke from the crater.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 10th of March the French National Assembly voted, by 407 to 104, to remove to Versailles, and to hold the first public session there on the 20th.

The forts on the left bank of the Seine were delivered up to the French March 7. A part of the National Guards in Paris endeavored to create disturbances, and strongly barricaded themselves at Montmartre. On the 11th inst. they surrendered to the military authorities, and quiet was restored. Several rabid newspapers which advocated dangerous agitation have been suppressed in Paris, and the publication of new papers of this class forbidden.

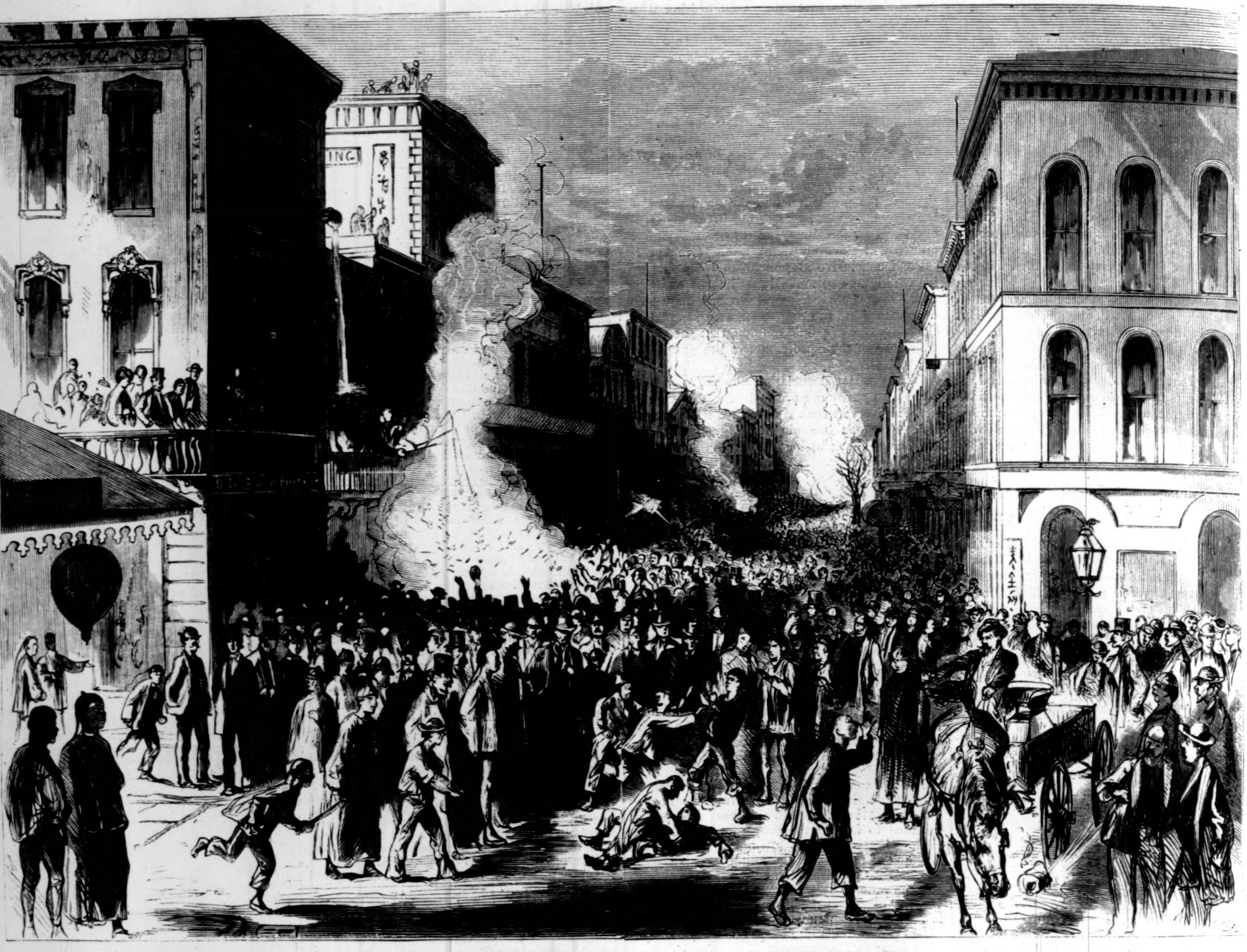
A counsel of war has condemned Blanqui, Flourens, Giraud, and Avrille to death for participation in the riots of December 10.

Napoleon, in a letter to the Assembly, protests against the vote that his dynasty has forfeited the throne, and says the Assembly, having been elected only to make peace, has exceeded its powers.

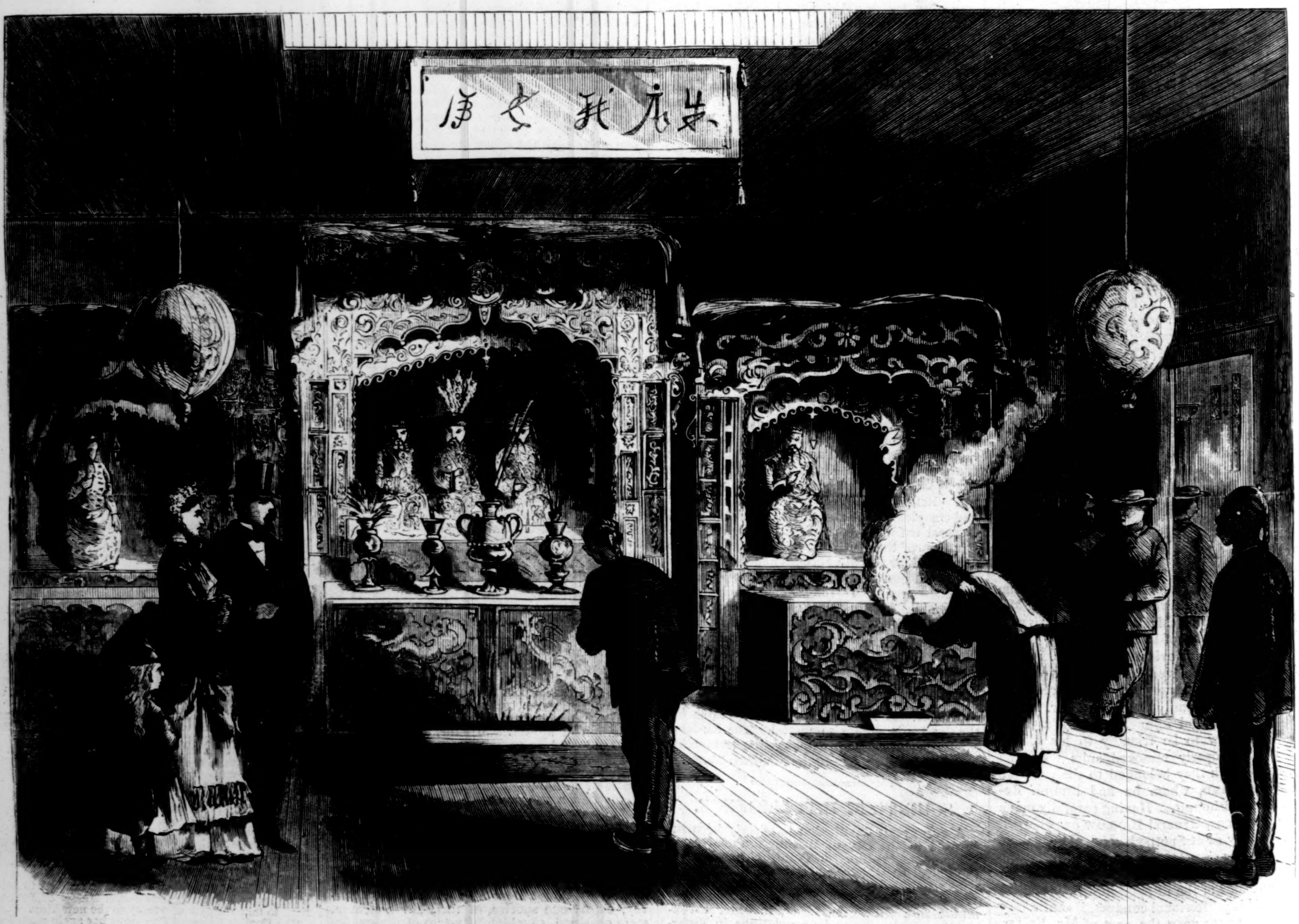
While the Germans of Zurich were celebrating the restoration of peace on the 9th of March they were attacked by some French prisoners. Several French officers concerned in the outrage having been arrested by the Swiss authorities, their friends attacked the prison in an attempt to rescue them, when they were fired on by the Swiss troops, and several killed and wounded.

The Duke of Montpensier has been ordered to Minorca by the Spanish government, it is asserted, for refusal to take the oath of fidelity to the new king.

The English House of Commons has again passed a bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister.



CHINAMEN CELEBRATING THEIR NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 266.]



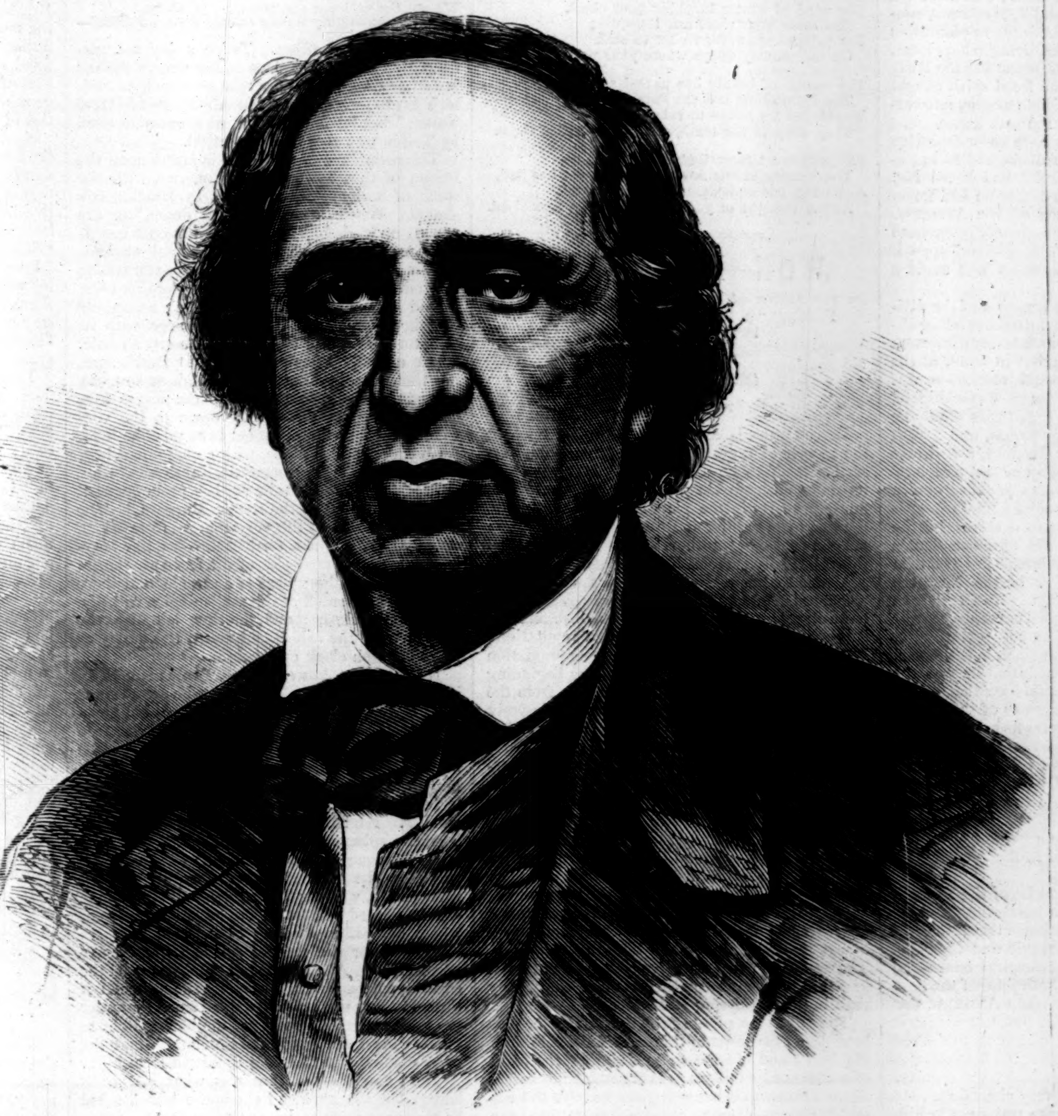
ALTAR IN THE CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 266.]

BISHOP ANDREW.

James Osgood Andrew was born in Cuthbert County, Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained deacon in 1814, elder in 1816, and bishop in 1832. He died in Mobile, Alabama, March 2, 1871.

Bishop Andrew had not many helps to intellectual culture in his youth. The schools in Georgia were few, and still fewer were the schools of high repute. Men of wealth could send their sons to Northern colleges, or abroad, and Bishop Andrew's parents were not able to give him such opportunities for mental culture. But his religious training was very complete. His father was a devoted minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his mother was a woman of extraordinary intelligence, dignity, and kindness. Those who knew the Bishop as a man can easily fancy what a genial, pleasant boy he must have been. He was devoted to his mother, and she lived to see the tender care she had bestowed upon her cherished son richly rewarded in a life of great devotion, of unsullied purity, and of remarkable success.

The Bishop's original mind, rare powers of observation, extensive reading, and great physical and mental activity enabled him to supply in a large measure the educational deficiencies of his early years. His first sermon was preached just sixty years before his last, and those years were filled with labors in almost every department of work which Methodism affords to its ministers.



THE LATE BISHOP ANDREW.

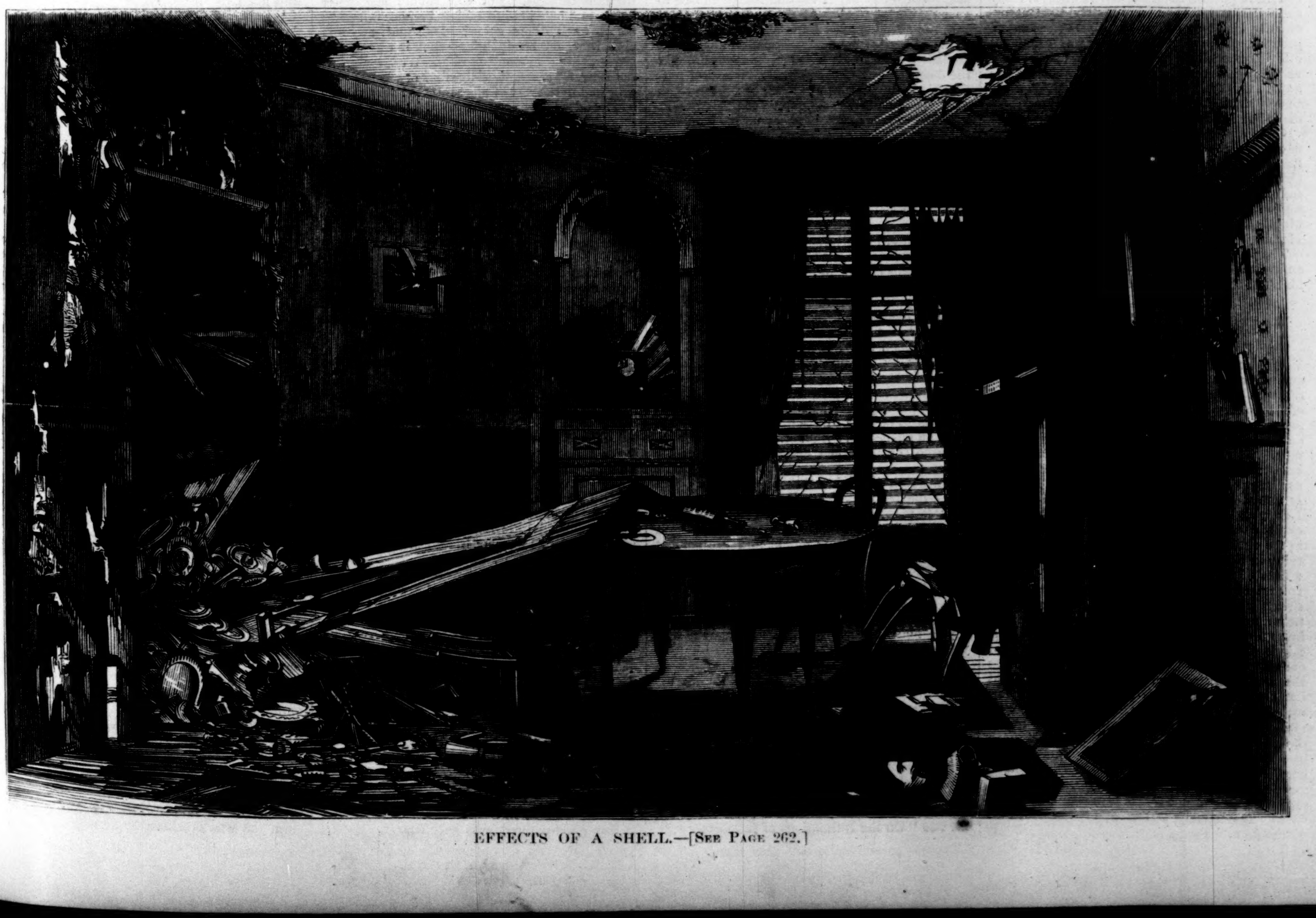
It will be seen that he commenced his work early, having been licensed to preach when only eighteen years of age. He was not large and not comely. One of his earliest circuits was in lower North Carolina, where, as it is told, when he went to visit a family, the head thereof declined to receive him, as he "did not want any little mulatto preacher about him!" But the young itinerant with the dark complexion lived to be the welcomed and honored guest in thousands of the best houses North and South.

His zeal, good-humor, and devotion to his work soon made him a man of mark among his brethren, and he rose rapidly. A single incident is often the turning-point in a man's life. There is the record of a great speech made by Mr. Andrew at the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the South Carolina Conference, in Darlington, early in 1832. Professor Martin P. Parks, who was afterward one of the ministers of Trinity Church, in this city, then held a chair in Randolph Macon College, Virginia. He had great reputation as an orator. His fame had preceded him when he went to the Conference to represent the interests of his college. Great was the desire of all the people to hear Professor Parks. Mr. Andrew and he were to make the speeches at the Missionary Anniversary.

Mr. Andrew rose and read the following resolution:

> "That while we consider false views of religion as every way mischievous, and judge from the past that much evil has resulted from that cause among the slave population of this country, we are fully persuaded that it is not only safe, but highly expedient to society at large, to furnish the slaves as fully as possible with the means of true scriptural instruction and the worship of God."

The people had been accustomed to hear such eloquence as Dr. Capers used to pour from his golden mouth, but James O. Andrew took that audience by storm. He painted a plantation negro neglected in mental culture, growing more and more irreligious. But he was a man. But he was immortal. And that immortal soul ever and anon raised its cry for light, and after these upflashings of the soul the



EFFECTS OF A SHELL.—[See Page 262.]

darkness grew deeper and darker. He then showed how the Gospel of Jesus was adapted to the lowest as well as the highest types of humanity, in any stage of civilization. He then painted a converted negro slave, the greatest trophy of redeeming grace. He described him as "mingling his morning song with the matin chorus of the birds," praying under the cold light of stars, contented in his humble lot, submitting to plantation discipline for conscience sake, living in happiness, and dying in hope. His last scene was the lowly cabin of the dying slave, the freed spirit caught into the glowing arms of radiant angels, and carried, enraptured, up to the Father's house.

Those who have heard it have never forgotten that speech. A gentleman distinguished in political circles declared that he had heard Mr. Clay in his best moods, but that he had never heard him equal that speech of Mr. Andrew. Professor Parks wisely and gracefully excused himself from following such a powerful appeal. A few months after Mr. Andrew was made a Bishop.

Bishop Andrew was the occasion of the division of the Methodist Church into the two branches, North and South. The antislavery discussion was agitating the country; but in 1840, at the General Conference, a formal resolution was passed to the effect that "mere ownership of slave property, in States or Territories where the laws do not admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom, constitutes no legal barrier to the election or ordination of ministers to the various grades of office known in the ministry of the Methodist Church."

Bishop Andrew did not own slaves, but he had married a lady who did own one female slave. At the General Conference in 1844, held in this city, a large number of the Northern clergy requested him to resign. He felt that he could not do so and keep a good conscience, as he honestly believed that such an act would forever destroy the influence of Methodism in the South. A resolution was then passed that it was the "sense" of the General Conference that he desist from exercising the functions of the episcopacy; whereupon the delegates from the thirteen conferences in the Southern States presented a declaration setting forth their solemn belief that a continuance of the jurisdiction of the General Conference over those annual conferences would be incompatible with the success of Methodism in the South, and thereupon a plan of separation was adopted, which resulted in the two Methodist organizations.

It will always be to the credit of the memory of the late Bishop, that from his earliest ministry he had labored for the elevation of the slaves, and that he bore himself with manly and Christian dignity through all the ecclesiastical trials, and was held in great regard on both sides of the line.

In personal appearance Bishop Andrew was of moderate height, and full but not plethoric habit. He had a fine head, a large mouth, large gray eyes, and a sunny tinge in all his features. His manners were full of pretentionless dignity. His colloquial powers were very charming. He was quite affectionate. These traits made him a delightful companion in private. His sense of the ridiculous and his pungent vein of humor sometimes broke through his self-control; and when he turned upon any mean vice, or stupid folly, or absurd skepticism, his lip would curl, and his large nostrils dilate, and a torrent of irony and sarcasm would inflame his style. But ordinarily his sermons were warm discussions of general topics, in which argument was transfused into eloquence in a manner which made him a very popular preacher. But both in his sermons and in the discharge of his episcopal functions there was frequent betrayal of the lack of early discipline in that vigorous intellect.

Of late years he has not presided at the conferences. He preached whenever his health allowed. His last sermon was delivered in New Orleans on the 19th of February. He there suffered a stroke of paralysis, but retained possession of his faculties. He was removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he died on the 2d of March.

The perilous and conspicuous position he held amidst the ecclesiastical storms of 1844 will keep his name in the list of historical characters.

EFFECTS OF A SHELL.

The Boulevard Port Royal, which faces the Val de Grâce, is situated in one of the southern quarters of Paris, and came in for a large share of shells during the late bombardment. Many of the houses were riddled through and through, and scenes similar to those depicted in the sketch on page 261 were, unfortunately, only too common. Few things bring the horrors of a bombardment so forcibly forward as such incidents as these. A peaceful dining-room was suddenly struck by that fearful messenger of war, a Krupp shell. Entering by the ceiling, the bomb exploded in the opposite corner, curiously enough, in the china cupboard, smashing every breakable thing in the room (among which happened to be a bust of Napoleon III.) by the shock. The bottom of the projectile, which weighed about twenty pounds, was blown through the room beneath, and finally buried itself in the floor of a lower story. The most curious part of the affair is that this mass of iron, in its downward course, passed between two cradles, occupied at the time by a couple of sleeping babies, without hurting either, although they were only a few inches apart. Indeed, throughout the siege, although the damage to property was very great, the loss of life was not so large as might have been expected, considering the enormous number of shells which were thrown in day and night for twenty-three consecutive days. Thus the total number of killed and wounded only amounted to 383—namely, 201 men, 115 women, and 67 children.

PASTEL.

From the French of Theophile Gautier.

I love you yet in your settings quaint,
  Faces of ladies, lovely and dead;
The flowers in your hands are faded and faint;
  'Tis a hundred years since their bloom was shed.

The wind of winter touching your cheek
  Has made your roses and lilies die;
But patches are never so far to seek
  On the mouldy quays where your portraits lie.

The empire of beauty has passed away:
  The Pompadour and the Parabère
Would find no lovers to rule to-day:
  They sleep in the tomb, and Love's buried there.

But you, sweet faces that men forget,
  You breathe at the flowers whose scent has fled,
And sadly you smile, who are smiling yet,
  At the thought of your lovers so long time dead.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOREBODINGS.

Brackmere is a small but growing town at the mouth of a great tidal river, but boldly asserting itself to be a marine resort. Some of its more enthusiastic partisans (who have also house property in the place) have even gone to the length of calling it Brackmere-super-Mare; but the post-office authorities have not admitted this claim, and enemies have freely translated the agnomen by "in the marsh," and "in the mud." The fact is, Brackmere is too near a great manufacturing "centre of industry" to be fashionable; it is got at too easily to have a high reputation; and the cheapness of its general accommodation attracts excursionists. From its very beginning—with the sublime exception of a visit from the Princess Charlotte—the place was exclusively middle class; devoted to the interests of that enormous section of the British public which dines early, and takes "s'rimps" with its tea. Its terraces, streets, and crescents consist of houses that in hardly any case exceed two stories in height, and which are packed with children from June to September as closely as herrings in a barrel. In laying out the ground these tenements, which are all alike, were so disposed that the spectator who beholds them for the first time ejaculates, "Why, this is a penitentiary!" From wherever he places himself he beholds every individual house, and every individual house beholds him. The man who desires privacy would obtain it in a hip-bath in Fleet Street more completely than in perambulating Brackmere.

The first idea of the stranger is that he has been brought down to this spot for exhibition. He burns and blushes to find himself the focus of a thousand windows. It is some time before Reason reassumes her sway, and he says to himself, "I comprehend: this arrangement has been made in order to secure for every tenant an uninterrupted view of—well—the Sea." At high tide and for two hours after at Brackmere there is a splendid expanse of ocean; but suddenly—like some miracle of the Red Sea accomplished lengthwise—the waters vanish, and give place to an expanse of mud. After a heavy dinner at two, the newly arrived Paterfamilias looks forth from the window, and congratulates himself that he has acceded to his wife's wishes, and brought the dear children to the sea-side, instead of putting his brutal jest into practice of letting them have "Tidman's sea-salt and 'the shingles' at home," in place of it; blinks, puts his handkerchief decently over his face, and enjoys his nap. His forty winks—which last forty minutes—over, and—Hi, presto!—Open, sesame!—Abracadabra!—he wakes, and finds himself in the Fen country. The hearth-rug has been an enchanted carpet, upon which, like Prince Houssain, he has been transported inland.

The ships that enlivened the prospect have disappeared with their natural element. "No wonder they calls it an offing," says the astonished citizen. Where they rode, or "walked the waters," is now by comparison dry ground; where the red buoy bobbed and rolled, there is now a juvenile population (white) cockling where the cockle floated, which now lies upon its side, as though prostrated by the phenomenon that has taken place. Sheep-folds appear, which are the sides of oyster-beds (but how is he to know *that?*). The pier, which is of such amazing length that it is said to be used to teach perspective, has become an unnecessary viaduct. Ponies and donkeys urge (or are urged upon) their wild career where the sea-horse reared and foamed. The flower which the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear—the periwinkle—is disclosed in myriads; but "it is forbidden to pick the flowers," since (in addition to their native fragrance) they have the peculiarity of being edible, and are sold at Brackmere by the bushel, and eaten by the peck. A flower-farm is here a periwinkle farm. The police have orders to take into custody all persons (except tailors) who look as if they liked periwinkles, and are found with a pin in their coats; notwithstanding which full many a wily youth will fill his pockets with bread-and-butter, and saunter beneath the pier (on the piles of which, like peaches on a garden wall, these crustacea grow) and lunch to repletion. To our visitor these marauders appear to be taking innocent recreation, as under an arcade. There is no sign of ocean to be beheld in any direction; but, seizing a telescope, the enchanted wretch descries in the extreme distance a thin, watery line, which is the diminished river. It is said to have been while at Brackmere during low tide that the greatest of philosophic poets composed his ode "On the Intimations of Immortality:"

"Here in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our glass still sights that intermittent sea
Which—"

meaning the favorable representations of which by partisans—

"brought us hither.
We see the children sporting on the shore,
But hear the mighty waters rolling there no more"—

or words to that effect. Twice a day a transformation scene takes place at Brackmere such as is witnessed only at those theatres (such as Sadler's Wells) which have the advantage of "real water;" but let me add that no scenery devised by Telbin was ever more beautiful.

The commerce of the world is borne upon the bosom of that Pactolian stream, rich with the spoils of nations, which sweeps by Brackmere's shores. Whole argosies "drop down," or are tugged up it, daily; and ever and anon a countless fleet of lesser vessels, wind-bound, or waiting for a wind, lie off it, far as the eye can reach; the red-sailed fishing-boats, with sweeps for oars, thread in and out their baffled line; and along the shore creeps the deep-laden barge, with its tall store of corn or hay to feed the city's cattle. There are no wastes of sand about Brackmere, nor those bare, rolling downs which at so many sea-side places seem to imitate the waves they fringe. The meadows stray down to the very water's edge, so that stranger cows mistake it for fresh water, and indorse, with complaining low, the fiat of "the high analytical authority" who, the local guide-book tells us, has pronounced it to be "as saline as the sea at Margate." The trees grow close to the very marge, from which they tentatively thrust forth their roots, like nervous bathers. On one side of the fence are sheep; on the other, ships; here is a steeple, and there a mast; the "smell of the sea" mingles with the scent of the clover; and the time is told to the herdsman by the bell on shipboard as audibly as by the church clock on the hill.

It is at night, however, that Brackmere looks its best: in the moonlight, and when the tide is in, it is, indeed, no longer picturesque, but absolutely sublime. The stars in the heavens are outnumbered by the stars upon the deep—the lights upon the foreheads of the stately ships. Mabel gazed upon them from the window of her little room, ere she went to rest that night, in wonder. And as she gazed there fell upon the silence a solemn sound—the throb of the great heart of some steamship which was pulsing its way from the other side of the world—perhaps from China, whither Ju had gone. (That China which seemed almost as far as yonder heaven, where her father dwelt. Should she ever see him more, or the face of a single friend, save one, again?) Along that silent highway sped the eager-eyed, panting messenger; she watched it thread its way through those fixed stars, that were the anchored ships, and past the harbor light at the pier head, and round the Foreland, where the Pharos stood and flashed a thousand farewells.

The Pharos?—yes, that was what Mr. Flint had called the ancient light-house which stood by that they went to see at Oldborough.

How short a time ago, and yet how long! The place where she had first seen Richard, and where he had saved her life. Oh, cruel, cruel Richard, to have done so! Then she kneeled down beside her bed, and prayed to be forgiven for that thought. For why should she desire death, and hate her life, merely because it loomed before her without color? Dull and gray and chill it would be doubtless; but it was duller, grayer, chiller to many another. What had Martha Barr, for example, to live for? or what had *she* ever had in the way of pleasantness? and yet she had trodden her appointed path with firmness, and, though it was so narrow, God himself had been her fellow-traveler, and walked with her all the way. She would take heart and do the like, or strive to do so. Martha was poor, and yet so enriched by the blessings of the sick and sorrowful that with them she had bought "a mansion incorruptible" in the glorious city; and if she died to-night, so much the better, save for those who had such cause to cry, "Would that she had staid with us!" But as for herself, she was a wicked, ungrateful girl; were there not thousands destitute and orphaned like herself, who had no home, no friends, but many and many a smiling enemy? She was not ignorant of such cases, having come across them in her village visitations. Who was *she*, that she was not to feel thankful for food and raiment, and the friendly roof that sheltered her? Though her lot was henceforth to be cast in the by-stream and back-water of life, was there not as much scope for duty there as in the main current? She would do her duty, she would be helpful and self-reliant. Her kind hostess should find her a prop instead of a burden. Perhaps she might even do something, if it were ever so little, toward keeping house. Her lace-work had been praised of yore, when praise was more thought of than pudding; it was quite likely that she might make a little money by that; and how nice it would be to pour it into Martha's astonished hand!

She did not shrink from work of any sort; she had made up her mind, to begin with, to "do" her own room, so that Rachel should have as little extra trouble on her account as possible. Employment was what she needed. Nor was it the melancholy of her future lot that cast its shadow upon her; on the contrary, what she dreaded more were its possible amenities. From certain hints which Martha Barr had let fall—by no means in the way of apology—Mabel had a presentiment that she was to be the victim of much tea-table festivity. She had not relished this description of dissipation even at home, and at Brackmere it was likely to be much more wearisome. There was a certain Dorcas club, of which she had heard a good deal; and it had filled her with the liveliest apprehensions. Gossip, when it was good-natured, was very dear to Martha Barr, though she was averse to what is termed "going into society;" and Mabel would be expected to share all her pleasures. Well, it should henceforth be her endeavor to do so, or to seem to do so. But she felt that this would not be easy. Often had Ju and she agreed together (judging from their old friend's own description of her Brackmere acquaintances) that "dear old Martha must know some very queer people." Their father had once explained to them that as the fixed stars of literature attract about them satellites of an inferior order and doubtful light, so the genuinely good are surrounded by spurious varieties of the religious world: the "earnest," the "cheerful," and the "serious." But while, in the former case, the great man is far from being deceived (having usually a very accurate perception of his own merits, and especially of his relative importance with respect to others), in the latter humility and the charity that imputes no evil are apt to blind the judgment. "Much as I love our good Martha, girls," said the rector, between whom and the self-styled religious world there was certainly "no love lost," "I would not stay a week among her Brackmere friends for a bishopric. I am much mistaken if they are not greatly given to solemn fudge."

Parson Denham had a morbid dislike of boredom, and especially of that particular development of it which is called being "preached to death." But this was far from being Mabel's case; she made no pretense to being easily *ennuyée*, and she had listened to too many histories of "how I caught the rheumatics" from village dames to fear what Brackmere gossips could do unto her; besides, her present circumstances were much too serious to admit of her attaching importance to such a mere inconvenience. But what she would have desired above all things now was solitude, or at most the companionship of Martha only; and this she had a foreboding would be denied to her. Martha had openly expressed her intention of "not permitting her dear child to mope," which she felt to be a menace, involving not only what Fred used to call "tea-fights" and "muffin-worries," but all the horrors of "serious" hospitality. These might not be pressed upon her immediately; her recent trouble would doubtless afford her protection from them for the present at the hands of her kind hostess, unless she took it into her head that they were for her good. But there was a woe within her, if not so sharp as her regret for her dead father, more likely to endure, and of which Martha knew nothing: the burden of a hopeless love. She would have to carry *that* about with her into scenes of gayety (or some substitute for it), and to smile with alien lips and an aching heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. SIMCOE.

Mabel was up and dressed next morning when the excellent Rachel made her appearance at her bedroom door. "A fine morning," said Mabel, gayly, who was gazing out at the low window on the sparkling scene. "How beautiful your river and the ships are looking in the sunshine!"

"It ain't *my* river, as I knows on," was the handmaiden's reply; "and as to the ships, I've got no time to look at 'em now, with all the work of this house upon my shoulders, and another to wait upon."

"I am sure I will endeavor to give you as little trouble as possible," said Mabel, gently. "It is quite unnecessary to call me in future; and I can do quite well without hot water."

"Umph! Then I've been and brought this up for nothing. Missus says, Will you have your egg boiled or poached? *She* never eats nothing herself for breakfast but bread-and-butter."

"Then I had much rather do as she does. Indeed, I want no egg. The sea-air should give me plenty of appetite here, without any thing to tempt it."

Rachel nodded, and muttering, "I thought you said it was a river," disappeared with a ghastly grin.

Her visit, short as it was, sufficed to dash the cheerfulness with which the brightness of the scene without had for the moment inspired poor Mabel. Her presence in the house was, then, already felt to be an inconvenience, and had evidently irritated Martha's trusty retainer. Hitherto she had only beheld domestics from the stand-point of a mistress, or from one of equal height. As a guest at the Grange, for instance, her ladyship's own maid had been all smiles and obsequiousness; and even Mrs. Marshall's Janet had been most respectful and obliging. But now it seemed that poor Robert's embarrassment in the railway carriage was to be the last tribute offered to her by a servant in the way of acknowledgment of her position as a lady. She had noticed how very different had been the behavior of the railway officials to herself and her fellow-traveler on the preceding day from the moment that they had become third-class passengers, and she began to be, perforce, of Martha's opinion, that money was the test and touch-stone of most natures. It might have comforted her to reflect that in the very fact of having insulted her so rudely Rachel had paid an involuntary compliment to her refinement and delicacy, since she would surely not have done so unless she had been well convinced that no complaint would be made of her to her mistress; but this consolation was too subtile for Mabel's wounded spirit. It was with difficulty that she could summon a smile with which to return Martha's affectionate greeting in the breakfast-room; and when she knelt down at prayers beside the horse-hair sofa, and hid her face, tears of bitterness—which her hostess, who silently marked their after-traces, attributed to a very different cause—rained down her hot cheeks.

"My dear," said Martha, "I shall run away from you after breakfast for an hour or so, to do my marketing; it would not amuse you to see me choose shoulders and briskets; and, besides, you would make me nervous and spoil my bargains. You won't mind my leaving you alone now, will you?"

"My dear Martha, I should"—she was on the point of saying, "much prefer it;" but she stopped herself in time, and substituted—"I should rather think not," for that expression. "The only terms upon which I have consented to come here, remember, are, that I should make as little difference in your way of life as possible. I will not add any thing to distress you about my presence being a burden; but if I am to be freed from that unpleasant sense, it can only be by this means. I have been a very sad companion to you for many weeks; well, that is over now. I mean, dear Martha, let me henceforth take whatever part I may be fit to act in life; and at least let me not mar *your* part. It is time I should have done with luxuries, and (I do not speak it cynically, Heaven knows!) the luxury of grief among them. Look upon me no longer as a spoiled child. If I can not be merry, yet I will not mope—I—"

Something rose in Mabel's throat and seemed to choke her; but she looked very resolute and quiet.

"You good, brave girl!" exclaimed Martha, admiringly; "you have inherited your father's courage and good sense, if he has left you nothing else. I can not say how your words gladden me; such resolution is the earnest of your own happiness, and therefore of mine, you know." Never on the lips of the proudest beauty was a sweeter smile than that which lit up the unclassical features of Martha Barr, as she thus spoke, and settled her cap upon her head, as her habit was when greatly moved. The tear supply was not laid on at high-pressure with Martha, as it is with most kindly women. When others would have piped their eye, her large hands trembled and went to her cap-strings; when others would have spoken daggers, she smoothed her gown.

"I confess, my dear," she went on, "that what you have said has not only made me a happy woman, but relieved me from a little embarrassment; for I had quite made up my mind to shut people out, and keep ourselves to ourselves, rather than that you should be troubled by visitors; and though I should not have minded it at all, so far as *I* was concerned, my good friends hereabouts might have— Lor, that's Mr. Simcoe! Nobody else would think of ringing the visitors' bell before nine o'clock in the morning except him. He built the new church here single-handed. You won't mind seeing *him?* He's quite a character, and a most estimable person, but oh, so fat!"

Never, indeed (since Swallowdip lay out of the road of traveling caravans), had Mabel beheld so stout a gentleman as he who, unushered, now entered the little breakfast-room. The wily Rachel knew better than to precede him, lest by so doing her own retreat should have been cut off, and contented herself with announcing Mr. Simcoe over his own shoulder; for, though so stout, he was not tall. His legs, in fact, were so exceedingly short that he resembled one of those Dutch tumblers that has no legs at all, and who, however agitated in his upper stories, spins round on an insubvertible basis. They moved, however, with speed, and a quick strut, similar to that of the carrier-pigeon; the misfortune of which ambitious style of going was that it rendered Mr. Simcoe, when in motion, speechless. With such high and rapid action he had no breath to spare for words; and thus it happened on the present occasion that, having seated himself on the first chair, he nodded and smiled familiarly to the ladies, and blew—not his nose—but as a grampus blows, who, having made a wager with another grampus as to which shall stay longest under water, has run the thing rather too fine. Martha Barr, who, of course, was used to this phenomenon, made conversation for her guest accordingly. She introduced her cousin to him, asked him how he was, how his son was, and how all the good folks at Brackmere were; asked how the new church filled, and was in the act of asking whether the choir gave satisfaction, when Mr. Simcoe caught his breath at last, after a long chase, and observed, "How are you, eh? How are you?" between a sob and a gurgle. Mr. Simcoe would have talked forever but for want of that raw material without which talk can not be manufactured; his fountain of speech was always at work, but ever and anon there occurred a hitch, as though some foreign body had invaded the main pipe. If you had any observation in reply to make to Mr. Simcoe, then, and then only, was your time.

"How are you? How are you both? Glad to see you back again!—Glad to see *you*, miss. Did you ever see any body so fat as me?"

This was a stock inquiry put by Mr. Simcoe to every lady to whom he was introduced for the first time; and the embarrassments that arose from it were the source of his keenest delight. On the present occasion he laughed so uproariously, and got so purple in the face, and then so black, that Mabel's look of distress gave place to one of positive alarm.

"No, no, no, miss; don't be afraid," gasped he, waggling his head in deprecation and reassurance. "I am not going to have a fit. It does me good. Laugh and grow plump, you know. My son Sam, *he* don't laugh enough; and that's why he's a whipping-post. He *is* a whipping-post.—Is he not, Miss Barr?"

"I am sure I should be very sorry to say so to his father, or, indeed, to any one else," added Martha, hastily, and in some confusion.

"There, you see!" cried Mr. Simcoe, in triumph; "she thinks so, though she don't say it. She is afraid I shall be angry with her. She imagines that, being her landlord, I shall send the bailiffs in to seize her furniture; I am sure she is afraid of that, because she pays her rent so punctually—oh dear, oh dear!" Here Mr. Simcoe, as though in appreciation of his own Machiavelian shrewdness, patted himself on his capacious chest, and wobbled like blanc-mange.

"It would only serve you right, Mr. Simcoe, if I was not quite so punctual with my rent in future," observed Martha, gravely.

"Very good, ma'am; don't be," wheezed the old gentleman, "only don't be, and I'll seize Miss Denham!"

Mr. Simcoe's merriment, which had been fizzing like a fire-work, here fairly exploded.

Martha was not pleased that Mabel should have been made the subject of a jest, even by a gentleman who had built a church single-handed. "You'll kill yourself, Mr. Simcoe, some day, if you laugh like that," said she, reprovingly; "and then you'll be sorry for it."

"How do you know *that?*" inquired the visitor, with sudden gravity. "Why shouldn't I be glad of it? Why should I change for the worse? Do you suppose it's nice to go about this world with eight-and-twenty stone of adipose deposit? You're as bad as Sam. Why the deuce should I be sorry for it?"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Simcoe! Pray, don't let the servant hear you use such dreadful words. I merely meant, of course, that you would be sorry to hurt yourself."

"Oh, that was all, was it?" Here he winked at Mabel, as much as to say, "One is bound to believe a lady." "I thought you was a-going to sprinkle me with brimstone; and that reminds me I have not asked after your good Rachel. How did you find that single-eyed and faithful creature on your return?"

"I shall not answer any such questions, Mr. Simcoe," said Martha, drawing herself up. "Rachel is a very excellent servant, and a good woman, though I am aware that she has her enemies."

"I am delighted to hear it," replied Mr. Simcoe, earnestly; "and I hope one of them is a garroter. Well" (here he rolled off his chair), "I am going to church this morning, ladies. Will you come too? You shall sit in my pew, where there is room for six; so we shall just fill it."

"Certainly not. I mean—no, thank you," said Martha, hastily.

"We are still angry," observed the stout gentleman, slily; "our crab-apple Rachel is as the apple of our eye. I must send Sam to plead for me, to whom (in his pontifical robes) we can refuse nothing.—Good-by, miss; I hope you will join our choir. Your cousin, you see, does not refuse me her hand; her heart is forgiving, though wounded in its tenderest place.—Madam, I would kneel and ask your forgiveness, had not nature herself interdicted that position. Sam is of opinion that unless the knee is bent the prayer is futile. I put the case to him of a man with two wooden legs; he has looked the thing up, but the councils are silent.—You must see my Sam, Miss Denham. He is an excellent young man, though I say it, who am his father—a *most* excellent young man; but, unfortunately, the greatest fool in England."

"Mr. Simcoe, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Martha, indignantly; "to talk that way of your own son—and a clergyman, too!"

"Pooh, pooh! his being my son is an aggravation of his follies, since he ought, by inheritance, to have some sense in him; and as to his being a clergyman, what with his posturings and prostrations, his tunics and his spangles, I call him a theological acrobat. But there, I must be off at once to see him tumble."

Mr. Simcoe, however, did not go off at once; he choked in the passage, and roared upon the door-step for a good three minutes, before he got under way; and even then had to stop at the garden gate to take in breath, and recover from a second paroxysm—so inexhaustible and so exhausting a theme for mirth was the Rev. Claude Simcoe with his father.

"Well, what do you think of my landlord, Mabel?" inquired Martha; "eh, my dear, eh?"

"He's funny," said Mabel, dubiously. "Don't you think so?"

"He's eccentric in his manner, my dear, no doubt; but I don't mean that. I should like to know what you think of his moral and religious character. Of course you know nothing about him; how should you? But I should like to hear your opinion. The first impressions of a sensible girl like you are always worth having; and there are such various views about Mr. Simcoe afloat at Brackmere."

"Well," said Mabel, "he seems a very good-natured and good-humored sort of person—"

"With prejudices, though," interrupted Martha, gravely; "and those entertained sometimes against the most worthy persons."

"Perhaps," continued Mabel, unable to repress a smile as she recognized this allusion to the excellent Rachel. "Still, I should say Mr. Simcoe was not an illiberal person."

"Quite right, my dear, quite right. He supplied a new top to our cistern last winter without haggling or hesitation. Some landlords, you know— But go on, go on."

"But I *can't* go on," remonstrated Mabel. "If you press me, however, I must say that, unless I had been informed of the fact, I should not have suspected Mr. Simcoe of having built a church at his own expense."

"You should not, shouldn't you?" said Martha, earnestly. "Dear me, dear me! now that's very curious. I was in hopes you would have had a contrary impression."

"Contrary? My dear Martha, was it to be expected? How very few people *do* look as if they had built churches at their own expense!"

"Or ever build 'em, my dear, eh? For that's the point. When people abuse Mr. Simcoe—and he is dreadfully run down—I say, 'Well, there's the church, at all events; come, you must grant that.' But they won't do it."

"This Mr. Simcoe is very rich, then?" observed Mabel, with a laudable desire to appear interested in Martha's friend.

"My dear, his wealth is *untold*," answered Martha: that was her generic phrase for fortunes, which are often calculated by their possessors with considerable nicety. "His father was, I believe, a great chemist—at least that is what his grandson gives out; but the elder Mr. Simcoe will have it that he was a chemist and druggist. Well, he left a lot of money, with which this Mr. Simcoe made a most successful venture in winkles."

"In winkles!" ejaculated Mabel. "Do you mean periwinkles?"

"Certainly, my dear. That is what Brackmere is famous for. You should hear Mr. Simcoe upon that matter. 'Strasburg for its patties, Jersey for its pears, but Brackmere for its periwinkles. Ask for Simcoe's at a penny a peck, with the pin in.' He *is* so funny; only it drives poor Mr. Claude well-nigh frantic. Well, he has built half Brackmere and the new church entirely of periwinkles."

"Impossible!" cried Mabel.

"I mean, of course," explained Martha, "with the money received *from* them, my dear. And what people do say is that he has built our church just as he would have built a public-house, in order to attract people to come and live in the neighborhood, and take the carcasses—that's empty houses, you know—but what *I* say is, we are not to judge men's motives. And now I'm off to market, my darling, like old Mother Hubbard, with this big basket, you see, which saves the tradesmen a world of trouble in sending things home, and yet shuts down at top, and looks as genteel as a lady's reticule."

With a beaming smile Martha thus spoke, stooped down and kissed her guest, then sallied forth, and once more smiled and nodded as she passed by the bow-window. But once out of sight, her honest face grew sad. She had been told that morning by her retainer of various little expenses that had on Rachel's responsibility been incurred "about the house" in her absence, and which, under the circumstances, she now grievously regretted. It was not a time for renewing, nor even for repairing; she would need all her little means for the future, in order to make both ends meet, to purchase even what was absolutely necessary for the sustenance of her household, now unexpectedly increased by one-third. Her marketings had always been on a miniature scale; so much so that, as we see, she had not even liked to ask the tradesmen to send home her supplies; but she had now not only to be economical, but to pare and pinch; not only to bargain, but to cheapen; and this was why Martha Barr went alone to market, and left her guest at home.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRESENCE of mind in emergencies is an invaluable gift—especially if one happens to possess with it a certain peculiar sway over the minds of others. In sudden panic or fright those most bewildered and alarmed will usually yield readily to the influence of a mind strong enough to retain and assert its self-possession. Not long ago more than two thousand persons were assembled in the Stadt Theatre of this city at a popular entertainment. Some disorderly individuals in the upper gallery became quarrelsome, and others still more disorderly made an audible suggestion of a "fight." The immense audience below, unable to see any thing, and mistaking the word "fight" for "fire," the wildest commotion was instantly produced. The alarm of fire spread through the entire house, and the long, winding passages were blocked up with a struggling, terror-stricken crowd. Had those who were upon the stage participated in the general panic, the effect upon the audience would have been most disastrous. They, however, remained quietly in their places. One of them endeavored to explain the cause of the disturbance, but finding the confusion so great that nothing he said could be heard he coolly put on his eyeglasses and seated himself with an air of languid *ennui*. A lady in one of the proscenium boxes eagerly asked him what was the matter, and in an easy, deliberate manner he entered into conversation with her, explaining the state of affairs. This little scene upon the stage quickly reassured the audience, though they could not hear a word that was said. The panic subsided; the audience resumed their seats, and the play went on.

At St. Joseph, Missouri, they have a genuine "mad-stone." Recently a citizen having been bitten by a rabid dog, this wonderful talisman was placed about two inches from the wound, when it was violently attracted to the spot, and adhered to it until the poison was extracted. At least such is the wondrous tale. What a pity there are not more "mad-stones," or fewer rabid dogs!

Two dollars, in currency or greenbacks, is the exact measure of damages for the offense of kissing another man's wife in a certain Connecticut town. In a recent case, however, the defendant thought this excessive, and appealed to a higher tribunal.

Archbishop Spaulding, in calling for financial aid for the Pope, suggests that the ladies devote one-half their superfluous jewelry, ornaments, and expenses for the support of his Holiness. The word "superfluous" will admit of great latitude, we fancy—among ladies.

Christine Nilsson has purchased five lots of land on a bluff near the city of Peoria, Illinois, upon which she intends to erect an elegant villa. She gave $25,500 for the site.

The 4th of March in Washington was one of the stormiest of stormy days. Rain fell in torrents until the increased cold changed it to snow. The wind also blew a gale; but all the elements combined could not deter the "fair and brave" abiding in that "city of magnificent distances" from turning out *en masse* to witness the last expiring gasps of the Forty-first Congress, and to catch a glimpse of the Forty-second in its first, fresh glory. The attractions in the Senate were not so overwhelming but that an entrance into the galleries—though not always to a seat—might be obtained at a late hour, but two hours before the momentous hour of twelve the throng gathered in the House of Representatives. The crowd thickened into a fearful jam. The galleries were packed full, and overflowed into the corridors. Scores stood at the doors, with expectant eyes and attentive ears, where it was impossible to hear a word, or see any thing but the backs of those before them. Men and women, mounted on chairs outside the doors, stretched their necks in the vain hope of seeing the performances on the floor of the House. Meanwhile the House of Representatives of the Forty-second Congress was organized, the members took the oath of office, and then followed the drawing for seats, wherein the grand interest of the throng of spectators centred.

The English people have been examining the family records, and discover that Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise are related—more or less distantly. They have a common ancestor in John Stuart, Earl of Lenox, who flourished a little less than four hundred years ago. Queen Victoria descended from his eldest son, and Lord Lorne from his eldest daughter.

The following are the subjects upon which the Commissioners lately dispatched to San Domingo, and probably soon to return, are required to make a report: The political condition of Dominica, the probable number of inhabitants, and their disposition to become annexed to the United States. The physical, mental, and moral condition of the people, and their material wealth and industrial capacity. The resources of the country; its mineral and agricultural products; the products of its waters and forests; the general character of the soil, and the proportion of it capable of cultivation. The climate and health of the country; its bays, harbors, and rivers; its general meteorological character, and the existence and frequency of remarkable meteorological phenomena. The debt of the government and its obligations. Treaties or engagements with other powers. Extent of boundaries and territory—what proportion is covered by foreign claimants, or by grants or concessions. The terms and conditions on which the Dominican government may desire to be annexed to the United States as one of the Territories. And such other information as the Commissioners shall consider desirable or important.

An instance of the ruling passion strong in (official) death was observed a few minutes after the expiration of the Forty-first Congress. A member of that defunct body, becoming interested in the proceedings of the new Forty-second Senate, suddenly rose, and began, "Mr. President, I object, for this reason—" when he was interrupted by the information that he was no longer a Senator. The ex-member resumed his seat, amidst so much merriment, both on the floor and in the galleries, that Mr. Colfax was obliged to demand "order" imperatively, and many times, before it subsided.

If one has the presence of mind to meet awkward accidents with tact and philosophy, he can often turn the popular feeling to admiration rather than ridicule. A gentleman who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee, disarmed the ridicule incident to such accidents by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up. That was a fine thing for a gentleman to do. What substitute can be suggested for a lady in like position?

The United States steamer *Periwinkle*, now being put in order at the Washington Navy-yard, is expected to sail in May or early in June with Captain Hall's expedition party to the arctic regions. Heavy timbers are being used to strengthen her, and inside her sheathing there will be a coating of cork. She will have two boilers, one of which will use blubber, the only fuel accessible in some portions of the arctic region. To protect her propeller when she reaches the ice-fields she will carry a propeller well. Constructor Delano, under whose direction several of the former arctic expeditions have been fitted out, has the superintendence of the work, and is giving his personal supervision to the fitting out of the vessel, which is of 387 tons burden, and will probably take not more than one or two guns.

Spring has come, and the peasant farmers of France are almost wholly destitute of seed to plant, which would produce food for them the coming year. They have appealed to American farmers for help. But it is not money they want, for all the grain stowed away for this spring's sowing has been laid under requisition, and is gone; there is none to buy. They want the seed. The Commissioner of Agriculture, in commending this matter to the attention of farmers, suggests as especially desirable for contribution the best varieties of spring wheat, or winter wheat where the other is not attainable; the most productive oats; the most productive kinds of barley and bush-beans. The peasants also mention their need of pease, potatoes, carrots, and turnips. Corn, clover, and other seed would be acceptable.

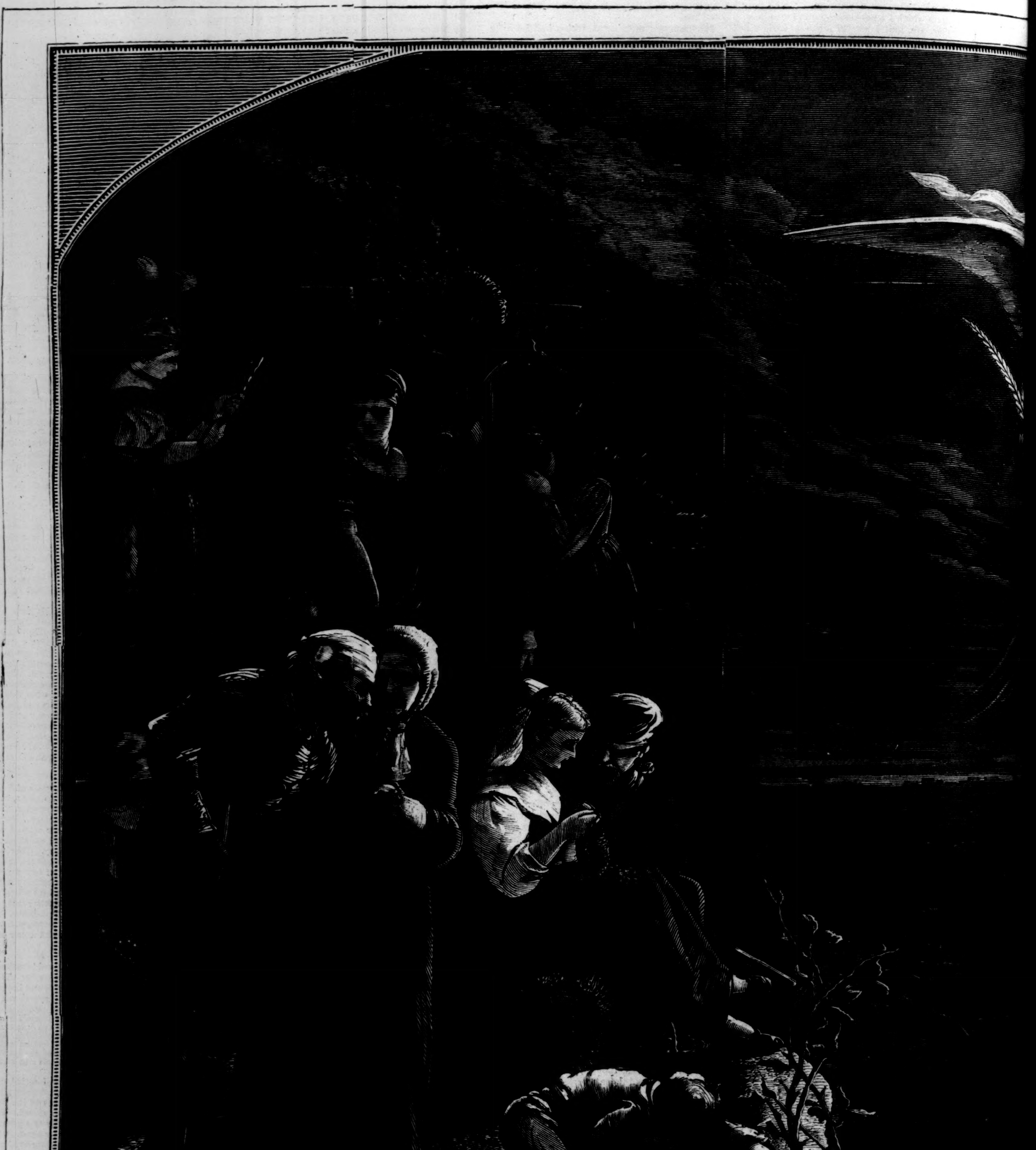
The Legislature of Ohio has determined to make liquor-dealers responsible in some measure for the injurious results of their traffic, and to this end has passed an act which includes the following provision:

> "Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person, who shall be injured in person, property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of such intoxication, habitual or otherwise, shall have a right of action against both the person who sold the liquor, and the landlord who owns the premises on which the sale was made."

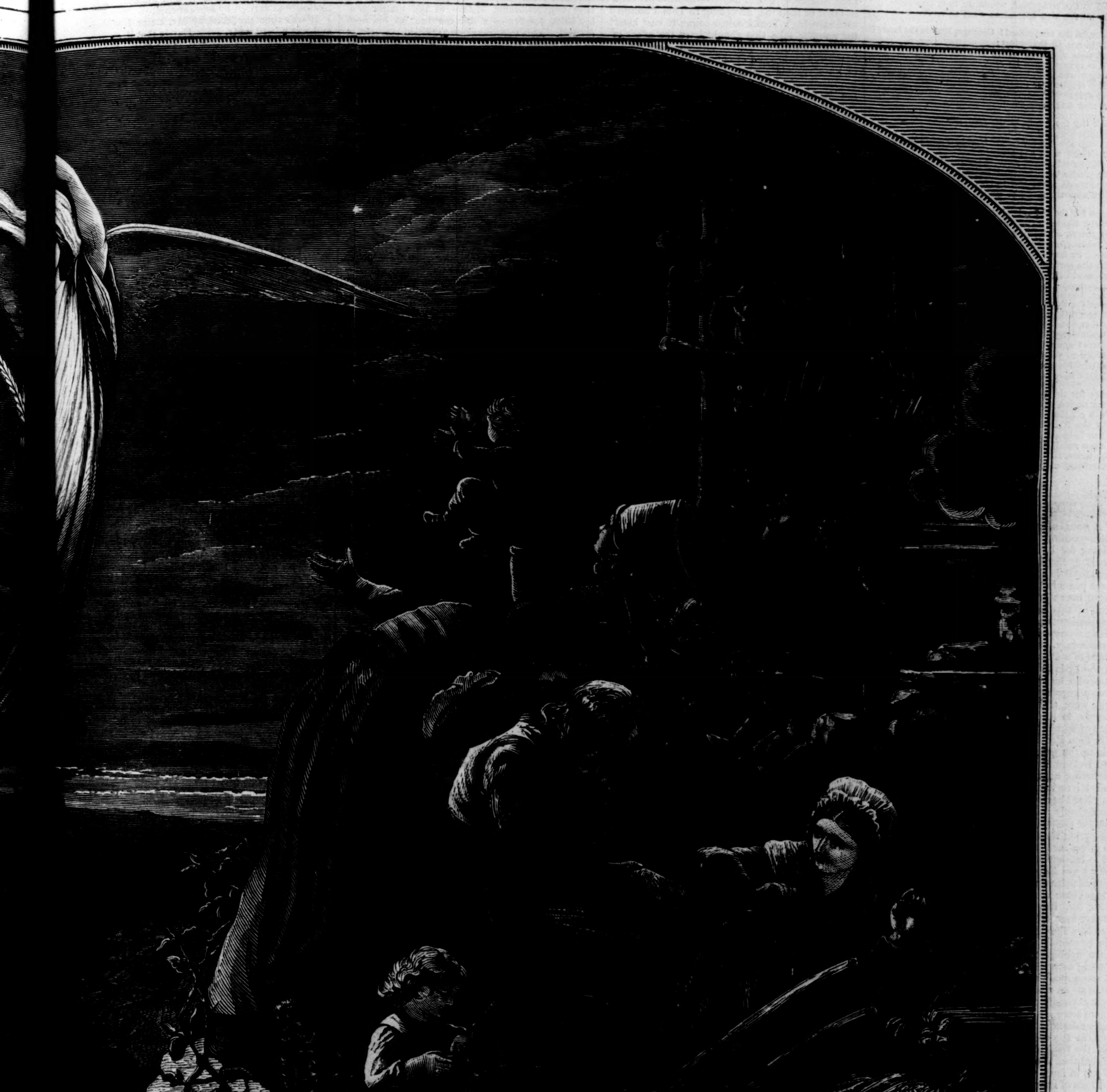
A Prussian officer, passing through a deserted street of Orleans, came in front of what had formerly been one of the most popular *café chantants* of the town, but which was now supposed to be closed. From within he heard the deep, vibrant tones of a grand piano, played apparently by some master hand. There was also heard in the intervals a trampling as of many feet, betokening a large audience. Curious to know how such a thing could happen so soon after the confusion into which the town had been thrown by the recent battle, he entered, and found seated on the music-stool a Prussian train soldier, while all around him in the vast audience hall, which had been brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and pressing close up to the platform, were his charges—a great troop of horses, who filled the house, and stood, with pointed ears and erect heads, eagerly listening to the music.

Among Congressmen there are many duplicates of surnames; but William Williams, of New York, and William Williams, of Indiana, will be likely to experience special inconvenience concerning their letters during their sojourn in Washington.

Professor Agassiz, though a native of Switzerland, and a resident there for nearly forty years, has acquired such a reputation here that his nativity is almost forgotten. In Neuchâtel, where he was once a college professor, he is spoken of as "the distinguished American *savant*."



THE DAWN OF P



OF P M ON PAGE 266.]

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

To weary Teuton and to hopeless Gaul
 Welcome alike, descend!
Brief with thy epilogue; the curtain's fall—
 The ghastly drama's end—
The conquerors filing off 'mid clash and roll
 Of arms and drums—the sad stage left to thee
And to the conquered, whom do thou console—
 Is all the sick spectators want to see.

Peace for the vanquished! Courage, France the brave!
 It is not all that's lost;
And time will haply prove this lesson grave
 Was amply worth its cost.
Though wounded, bowed, exhausted, not disgraced;
 Thy empire o'er thyself restored; thy sin
And shame with thine own generous blood effaced—
 A new and more sublime career begin.

Look thy foe firmly in the face, thy foe
 Implacable, and drain
The cup she fills for thee. Should France not know
 To suffer what she fain
Would have imposed? Wert thou that dost complain
 So pitiful 'mid thy triumphs wont to be?
Has Prussia never had to entertain
 Ere now the angel of adversity?

Peace for the victor! whose complete success,
 Swift beyond expectation,
Has forced on-looking Europe to confess
 Germany one great nation.
Strong in her blood-cemented unity,
 In the hereafter never may she know
The need of that which now, as Destiny
 Inexorable, she declines to show.

Peace for the dead! A Cæsar *does* but speak
 One word, and thousands lie
To make the smiling fields of autumn reek
 With slaughter. Ye who lie
Interred upon the battle-plains of France,
 Peace to ye!—many a one of ye whose name,
But for this cruel impious war, perchance
 Might have been entered on the roll of fame.

Peace for the world!—when fear no more and spite
 Set nation against nation;
When all the peoples of the earth unite
 In one free federation;
When hate and envy and aggression cease:
 Then surely the millennium will set in—
The thousand years of universal peace,
 Dreamed of by singers and by seers, begin.

TOM POULTON'S JOKE.

A SOCIABLE club of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself "The Serious Family," and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull, gaunt house in Soho Square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and according to the by-laws of this fund all members of the club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthly payments of one sovereign were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become subscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favor. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young or middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted; but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favor of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favor of the club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected chairman, treasurer, secretary, and trustee of the fund, and the whole club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humor, so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew toward its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five-eighths per cent. in favor of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing), Tom Poulton began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humor, the humor of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes. He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humor reconciled him to all misfortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris were on the best of terms.

"Harris," said Tom Poulton, "I have arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help."

"It is yours," said Harris. "Details?"

"You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die."

"Don't do that," said Harris.

"Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill."

"Well?"

"Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house."

"Still I don't see—"

"You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you; they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them."

"But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral."

"Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving every thing I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor, and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble."

"Thank you—thank you heartily."

"Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it."

* * * * * * *

"On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law."

* * * * * * *

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left every thing that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members; and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, every one expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinarily wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with bank-notes, and so was his easy-chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favor of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learned that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralizing among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping, and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first Mr. Peter Hodgson was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members (for it was a point of honor with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions), that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

"Whose funeral is this?" said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

"Why, it's—it's yours, Tom," said Peter.

"Mine?"

"Yes, Tom—yours."

"This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, Sir," said Tom, sternly.

"Joke!" said Peter; "it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?"

"I? Nonsense!"

"Well, any way, we're burying you, Tom Poulton!"

"Why do you call me Tom Poulton?"

"Aren't you Tom Poulton?"

"Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity."

"Then, Sir," said Peter Hodgson, "I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!"

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson, and made his way into the throng of mourners.

"Tom!" said another; "why, we are burying you!"

"My name, Sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life."

"Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton's alive and present!" passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar but by no means vulgar features.

"Gentlemen," said Tom Poulton, "I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance. I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him."

And with a slight bow he walked away.

* * * * * * *

The principal topic of conversation that night at the meeting of the Serious Family was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered any body's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton.

The club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Every body looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

"Sir," said he, "this is a private club-room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members."

"Ha, ha!" said Tom; "bravo, Peter!"

"Sir," said another, "we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said Tom, with much mock gravity. "I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning." And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

"If you imagine, Sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke—" began Peter Hodgson.

"A distant resemblance!"

"A very distant and shadowy resemblance, Sir. Nothing more, I assure you."

"Don't be a fool, Peter," said Tom. "We've had enough of this, haven't we, Dick?"

"We have, Sir," said Dick. "I must insist on your withdrawing immediately."

"Come, come," said Tom, rather chap-fallen; "it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Harris and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?"

"Sir," said Dick, "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force."

And as the members of the club rose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Harris's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr. Dick Harris that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion also was carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the club doors day after day, but to no effect. The hall porter—they had started a hall porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money; but they furnished no clew that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions, but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the club, but the hall porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the club, and inclosed stamped envelopes for reply; but they tore up the envelopes, and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first these appeals amused the club immensely; but after six or eight months' persecution the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore; and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the club-room; but he was informed that, for the purposes of that meeting, his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that, so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid, quarterly, to the Major-General by the committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity; and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton, deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became chairman of the Club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year, payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly installment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification; but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

THE CHINAMAN'S NEW-YEAR.

OUR illustrations on page 260 will give the reader a vivid idea of the way in which the Chinese keep their New-Year's Day in San Francisco. Their year commences on the 18th of February, but the festivities continue for several days, to the great annoyance of the people, as the principal diversion is the constant explosion of fire-crackers and bombs.

Some rather amusing as well as annoying incidents occurred during the festival, as shown by our artist in the street scene. One unhappy man, driven wild by the racket in front of his house, tries to drive off his annoyers by throwing water on the crowd; and some ardent specimens of Young America are engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle with young heathen Chinese, whose pigtails afford a *point d'avantage* of which the young rascals make full use.

The other sketch represents the altar in the Chinese joss-house in San Francisco. It is of wood, elegantly carved, richly painted in various colors, and lavishly decorated with gilding. The idols are of clay, covered with a species of plaster finely wrought out, and decorated to correspond with the ornamentations of the altar.

The effect of the whole is rich and novel. During the festival the joss-house is open to public inspection, and is largely attended by Americans as well as Chinese. The usual form of worship is for the person to stand before the idols and clasp his hands on his breast, and bow three times to the figure. In some instances a lighted paper is held in the hands, and waved up and down as the worshiper bends, as a defense against evil spirits. The more devout kneel on a mat placed before the idols for that purpose, and bow their face to the floor three times to each idol.

TOM BROWN AT HARVARD.

OUR old friend Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of those two delightful books, "School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," is giving in the new Oxford magazine, *Dark Blue*, his impressions of our own Harvard. After describing the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of Memorial Hall, he gives this pleasant account of the Harvard clubs:

Only a small minority of Harvards, past or present, know much more of the Porcellian than its name; for the club's members are extremely limited, and the rule rigidly enforced that no student not being a member be allowed to set foot within its exclusive precincts. Turning up a narrow entry opposite College Yard, and mounting to the first-floor, you pass through an old black door into the club. A suit of sober rooms, dark-furnitured, small, and snug, with all the respectability of their eighty years' existence about them. A carved boar's head on one of the walls grins attention to the derivation of the Porcellian's name, reminding members that they are to live the life of "Epicuri de grege porci." The library is good, and was, I take it, the chief pride and most prized treasure of the club in old days, when Prescott, the historian, and Everett, the orator, were Porcellians, and signed their names to the club formula—"I solemnly promise and declare that I will not in any way reveal the acts or constitution of the Porcellian Club." In these last days I suspect the club has fallen overfar into the popular eating and drinking idea of the Epicurean philosophy, and cares more about its goodly show of plate, presented by past members, and the excellence of its wines, cigars, and cookery, than about the condition of its library. Once every fortnight the Porcellians breakfast together, solemnly and artistically, no doubt; but what effect this act has upon the constitutions of the members they are pledged not to reveal, and I accordingly leave it to be imagined. They are, at any rate, a hearty, hospitable set of fellows to strangers, and know how to put an undeniable lunch upon the table on such occasions as the Memorial Hall ceremonies. At present I believe the number of Porcellians has dwindled to five, as the "Apostles" at our Cambridge did to two some twenty years ago. These are not enough to make a satisfactory college club, and all well-wishers to the Porcellians must hope to see its list of members lengthening.

Talking of lunch reminds me that it is close upon half past one, and club-table at Brown's expects me. Harvard has unfortunately no institutions answering to our College Halls and butteries, for I refuse to be so uncomplimentary as to say that Commons, a deserted and converted railway dépôt, some three hundred yards from College Yard, in which as many students take their meals, is in any sense accepted as a College Hall. The consequence is that small parties of friends organize private messes, called club-tables, at various houses in the town, which lay themselves out specially for this business, and often serve two or three separate tables in different rooms. A club-table provides breakfast at seven A.M. (the earliness of the hour is sufficiently accounted for by the considerations that morning chapel at a quarter before seven must be attended at least five week-days out of six, and that recitations begin at eight), dinner at half past one, and tea between six and seven. The dinner is about as good, and quite as nicely served, as that of Bachelors at our universities. One difference you remark at once—the only drink upon the table is iced water. All alcoholic liquors are prohibited by ordinance of the Faculty (the governing body), and any one who wants that supplement to his dinner must add it elsewhere—at the Porcellian, for instance, or at the less sumptuous quarters of the A. Δ.

And what, pray, may the A. Δ. be? A club of retiring disposition, which lies withdrawn from public view in the upper story of an unconscious-looking wheelwright's shop, in the sleepiest and most innocent of by-ways. Its fifteen members are elected with fixed formalities. The outgoing Seniors elect seven Juniors, who proceed, in their turn, to choose eight of their own classmates, and so the ordained number is preserved. But do my readers know what Seniors and Juniors are? The body of students, or *boys*, as they are familiarly called and call themselves, have a four years' course before them from the October of their entrance, and are always known, for distinction, as the class of that year in which they are to graduate. Thus a Freshman entering next October will be distinguished all through his time as one of the class of '75, while none the less he undergoes an annual change of name, becoming successively Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. The result of the members of each class being banded together in this way, and having no plurality of colleges to separate them, is the growth of a strong class feeling, which often keeps "boys" of different standing lamentably estranged from one another. But we must not keep the door of the A. Δ. standing open any longer. The single room tenanted by the club is a cozy little place. Light literature and a few newspapers lie strewn about, and in one corner is a cupboard, which contains a store of bottled beer, wines, cigars, cheese, crackers (*Anglice*, plain biscuits), potted ham, and such like delicacies. No servant is wanted. Every thing in the cupboard is labeled with its price. Members help themselves to whatever they want, and enter their debts in a book for that purpose provided. The A. Δ. was originally an intellectual club, and took mysterious Greek characters for its name, after the fashion of American college secret societies in general, and of the celebrated Φ. B. K. in particular, which latter club has Professor Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers," for its president, and yearly incorporates the thirty best scholars of a class. But another generation has arisen, which knows not the old A. Δ.'s, and aims only at being sociable and having monthly suppers.

Not many steps away a climb up the steep, narrow staircases of (I think) another wheelwright's—a grimy climb, past dusty workshops, where old wood and iron lie forlorn—leads at last to a long, dingy, low-ceilinged room, toward one end of which is the appearance of a stage. More mystic Greek characters on the proscenium. This is the club-room of the Δ. K. E., an *un*licensed dramatic society, which serves Sophomores as a preparatory school for the licensed glories of the Pudding. But stay—*seniores priores*—courtesy forbids any detailed description of the copy till some notice at least has been taken of the original.

The Pudding, then, is a dramatic club of venerable antiquity, taking its name from the nature of the simple refection served at its monthly meetings—to wit, fries (fried slices of hasty-pudding) and molasses, mush (oatmeal porridge) and milk, eaten with spoons of pewter. It is strictly limited to fifty members, Seniors and Juniors exclusively, and to belong to it is a general object of ambition. And not unnaturally; for, to say nothing of its traditions, the Pudding gives monthly dramatic performances, offering constant openings to its men of action, and, moreover, possesses a very fair library of fact and fiction. But the club's collection of play-bills is certainly the most interesting and original thing it can show to a transient stranger. Great pains, fertile invention, and a good deal of humor go to the designing and coloring of these huge bills, which adorn the walls of the theatre on performance nights. Each class tries to outdo its predecessors, and when its Senior year is over binds its play-bills into a volume for the envy and amusement of posterity. Once in every volume you come upon a design in which strawberries are the predominant feature. Every such bill, be sure, hung on the wall on Strawberry Night, an annual festivity in June, when it is allowed to add strawberries, ice-cream, and other extras to the Spartan supper of ordinary meetings. The homely old rooms of the Pudding are in the garrets of Stoughton Hall, and are devoted to dramatic purposes with the knowledge and consent of the Faculty. Not so the Δ. K. E., of which it is enough to say that it performs monthly, and elaborates play-bills in reverent imitation of its prototype. The Δ. K. E., however, enjoys a pleasant belief that the Faculty have no suspicion of its existence and whereabouts. Perhaps.

Two serious questions forced themselves upon my mind with regard to these dramatic societies. What time can students be expected to find for work who live in such a constant turmoil of stage-business as monthly performances necessarily imply? And what would become of actors and audience in the very possible event of fire? The theatres are in the topmost floors of old buildings, and have but one exit apiece, and those down narrow, crooked staircases.

But leaving the clubs to take care of themselves, let us stroll a short half mile through Cambridge to the new college boat-house on the Charles River. At this point the Charles is a stream of very moderate width, and, at low water, not attractive to the eye; but, being a tidal river, it widens rapidly as it approaches Boston Harbor. It is practicable for the Harvard crews to a distance of two miles and a half above the boat-house, and for four miles, hampered at intervals by long, low bridges, below. The down-stream course is the favorite one, but it is October, and there is little doing on the river. Just one or two boys, stripped to the waist, are taking exercise in "single sculls," or in clumsy, nondescript outrigged boats termed wherries—stripped, because to have the brownest back in the University is every rowing boy's ambition; but nothing else is stirring. Winter comes on so soon after the college meets in October that no systematic rowing is attempted before spring; the sixes—there are no eight-oared boats at Harvard—rest on their brackets, and the Freshmen are spared until their second term. I was astonished to find that the boys have no regular bathing-place. Any one who wants a swim must jump off the boat-house raft and take it.

This want of a bathing-place is only one of many signs of the indifference to variety of pastimes which soon strikes an Englishman at Harvard. Cricket has been voted too tedious, and is not, I believe, played at all. The same may now be said of foot-ball, for a certain annual collision between Sophomores and Freshmen, on a day known as Bloody Monday, has brought out an ordinance against the game. So base-ball, a game almost identical with the "rounders" of our schools, enjoys undisputed pre-eminence among land sports. The Harvard Nine have reached a high degree of excellence in this national game, as many Americans love to call it, and they are said to be superior to any club in the States, excepting, perhaps, the professional White and Red Stockings. I do not deny that the game is a good one, when well played, but frequent accidents are caused to hands and knees by the violence with which the ball is thrown in to the bases, and it has not a tithe of the skill or variety of cricket. There is plenty of rowing on the Charles from spring up to the long vacation, and a gymnasium near the site of the Memorial Hall; but neither tennis, rackets, nor fives.

Still, nature has given Harvard students their due allowance of animal spirits, which they have had no opportunity of expanding at an American Eton or Rugby, and consequently let off at college in a multitude of school-boy practices. "Been hazed yet, Jim?" was the question which naturally rose first to the lips of two young ladies whom I accompanied in a visit to their Freshman cousin's semi-furnished quarters. To "haze" is a general term, comprehending all kinds of interference with a Freshman, from smoking up a box of cigars which he may have thoughtlessly purchased and displayed to the roughest sort of practical joke.

> "We think it no sin, Sir,
> To take the Freshmen in, Sir,
> To drive dull care away.
> It's a way we have at old Harvard
> To drive dull care away,"

says one of the favorite college songs; and it doesn't go beyond the truth. The Sophomores are the chief offenders. Between the Sophomore and Freshman classes there exists a traditional and cherished enmity. Twelve months together at college has made an organized body of the former, and they use this advantage to the full to haze and "rough" the unorganized mob of Freshmen. Even on the day of the Memorial Hall ceremonies a free fight was extemporized just outside the tent in which the stone was being laid, occasioned by the astounding presumption of certain Freshmen, who had ventured to appear in beaver hats. It is an established ordinance of the Sophomore despots that no Freshman do, under any circumstances, wear a "beaver," and any infringement of this rule renders the offenders liable to be "rushed." And it is by no means pleasant to be "rushed," for a "rush" means a sweep of a whole class across College Yard, hand in hand, forcibly removing all comers in the way, and, perhaps, pitching one or two against the big elms with which the ground is thickly dotted.

While we are in the yard let us step into one or two of the halls, and see what kind of quarters the boys live in. The usual arrangement is that two friends, chums, "room" together—that is, share a common sitting-room, with separate bedrooms opening out of it. But in old Holworthy a single large room, with a couple of beds at one end, is all that is allotted to each pair of chums, while again, in Gray, there is no chumming, but each student has a room to himself, with his bed in a curtained alcove. I should have supposed a desire to have one's own private and particular castle to be so strong by nature in every body's breast that Gray would have been prime favorite of all the "rooming" halls; but for some reason or other—the darkness of the alcoves, perhaps—it is certainly unpopular, and the more gregarious system of chumming far preferred. Now and then in the rooms you will see, over a bedroom door, a slip of wood bearing the occupant's name in bold white letters on a black ground. Be properly impressed by the sight, for it means nothing less than that in that bedroom sleeps a member of the envied Pudding Club.

REVICTUALING PARIS.

THE two soldiers in the small sketch on page 268 appear to be immensely happy. For many weeks past they have fed upon dry, tough horse-flesh and strawy bread—privations which they have borne very cheerfully, and excepting, perhaps, a grumble now and then at the inaction of their superiors, or an occasional boast of what they would do were they commanders-in-chief, can hardly be said to have complained at all. Now all these trials are at an end; with a goose under his arm, and a white loaf in each pocket, our lively friend to the left has determined to enjoy himself, and, after executing his characteristic *pas seul* of delight, will probably retire to his quarters. Here, having previously invited a select few of his friends to share such unwonted delicacies, he will indulge in a luxury which for him was long utterly unattainable—a good supper.

MR. E. B. WASHBURNE.

MR. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, our minister to France, whose portrait is given on page 268, was born at Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, on the 23d of September, 1816. After serving an apprenticeship in the office of the *Kennebec Journal* he studied law at the University of Harvard, and then, removing to the West, practiced at Galena, Illinois. He was elected a representative of Illinois in the Thirty-third Congress, and was re-elected successively for the six following Congresses. On account of his having served continuously for a longer period than any other member of the Thirty-eighth Congress, usage awarded him the title of "Father of the House." During this period he fulfilled several important functions, serving on several occasions as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and as chairman of the special committee for investigating the riots at Memphis. He was also the author of the bill for reviving the office of Lieutenant-General, which was conferred on General GRANT. Upon the retirement of Mr. SEWARD he was made Secretary of State for the United States, and held that office from the 5th to the 11th March, 1869, when Mr. HAMILTON FISH was appointed. This temporary dignity was conferred upon him in special recognition of his political services. On the 17th March, 1869, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. The majority of the foreign embassies, on the approach of the German armies, retired to Tours, but Mr. WASHBURNE stuck manfully to his post, where he has won the gratitude of unfortunate and distressed persons of various nationalities.

TAKING TOLL.

THE lively sketch on page 268 represents a scene at the Sèvres barricade, outside of Paris, shortly after the surrender of that city. A correspondent, writing from the spot, says: "The surroundings of the barricade made a lively picture. There were Prussian officers looking on at the corner, some sitting on the bridge. There were the privates, with fixed bayonets, guiding and directing the mob. It seemed to me that discipline was a little relaxed. I observed one of these privates taking toll—'just a kiss, and nothing more'—from a damsel he had let through to fetch two loaves of bread, and the officers winked at it. Then, too, they winked at the little boys that crept under the *chevaux-de-frise*, and darted back with this or that for a friend. I was amused at watching a nonchalant Frenchman, who, leaning between two arms of the *chevaux-de-frise*, with cigarette in mouth and hands covering ears, stood calmly smiling at the scene. He had not a *laissez-passer*, and did not want one apparently. Dogs went through unchallenged. I watched one of those nondescript 'chiens de chasse,' looking bewildered at the new world suddenly laid open to him. Perhaps he hardly recognized it, it was so changed by ruin."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MONTAIGNE has a pleasant story of a little boy who, when his mother had lost a lawsuit, which he had always heard her speak of as a perpetual cause of trouble, ran up to her in great glee to tell her of the loss as a matter for congratulation and joy—the poor child thinking it was like losing a cough or any other bodily ailment.

A Western engineer has invented a hot-water pump to squirt deaf men off the track.

A young gentleman who has just married a little beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it.

Meeting a negro on the road, a traveler said, "You have lost some of your friends, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or a distant relative?" "Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four mile," was the reply.

A person, hearing that "time is money," became desirous of learning how many years it would take "to pay a little debt of a hundred dollars!"

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colors with in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with *brains*, Sir!" was his answer.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Tom, parse 'girls.'" "'Girls' is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule."

A man was once brought up before a magistrate charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. "Please your Honor," replied the fellow, "I was trying to get a good one!"

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite the other day to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his mustache. "For Heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is!"

A burly Teuton, whose taste for beer could not be disputed, entered an omnibus one day with a huge meerschaum in his mouth, and taking the only vacant seat, proceeded to roll forth full volumes of smoke. The driver, seeing this violation of rules, called out to him, "No smoking allowed." The Dutchman, taking the pipe from his mouth with an air of astonishment, thus replied to the polite driver, "I don't make no noise when I schmokes."

A New York cat was so rash as to lick the cheek of a lady of improved complexion, and in a few minutes was no more. Young gentlemen will please take notice.

The following anecdote is told of Caleb Cushing and Miss Hannah F. Gould, both residents of Newburyport, and addicted to little pleasantries on each other. The following "epitaph" on Mr. Cushing was written by Miss Gould, of whom Mr. C. had requested it:

> "Lie aside, all ye dead,
> For in the next bed
> Reposes the body of Cushing;
> He has crowded his way
> Through the world, they all say,
> And even though dead will be pushing."

To which Mr. Cushing neatly rejoined as follows:

> "Here lies one whose wit,
> Without wounding, could hit,
> And green be the turf that's above her;
> Having sent every beau
> To the regions below,
> She has gone down herself for a lover."

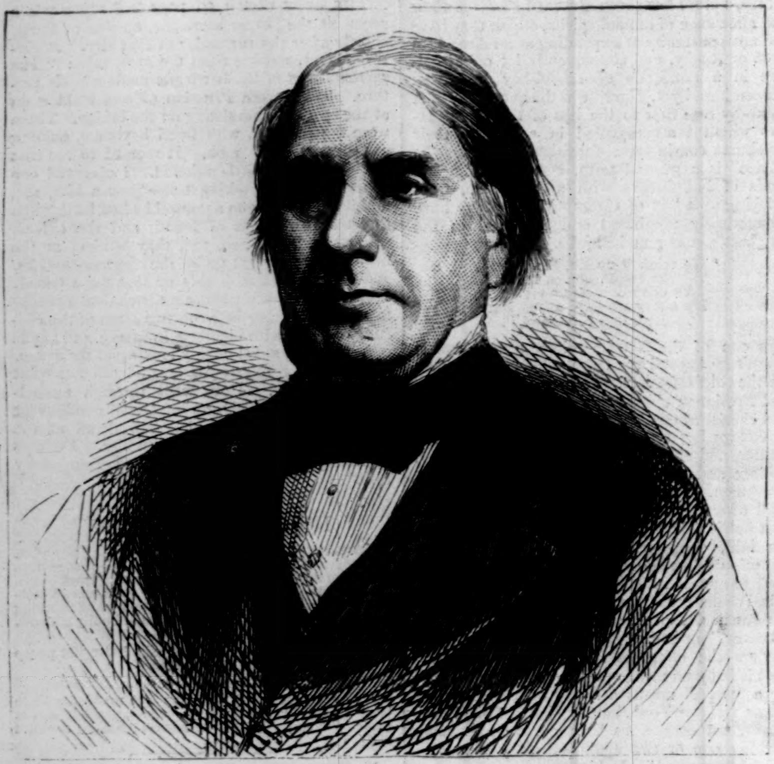
A landlady, who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid, gin, would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion: "Betty, go and get a ten-cent loaf and half a pint of gin." Off started Betty. She was speedily recalled: "Betty, make it a five-cent loaf and a pint of gin." But Betty had never fairly got across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it *all gin*."

Some people are curious to learn what the man who peddles peaches means when he gives one of his unearthly yells. I can tell them. He says, "Allyowarnswageegissallyngwaa!" He is a Jerseyman by marriage, and consequently unacquainted with the English language.

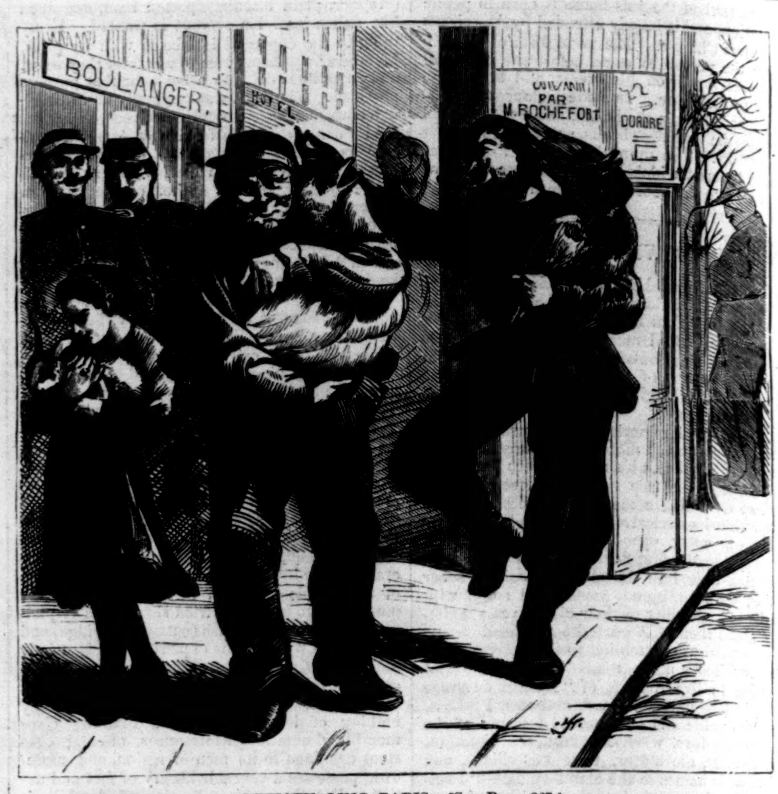
In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him, on horseback. On crossing the river Urr, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door. The party who were dispatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words, "No anither drap; neither *het nor cauld*."

Two travelers having been assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel, one of them, before retiring, knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveler, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed, "What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh, nothing!" was the reply, "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be!"

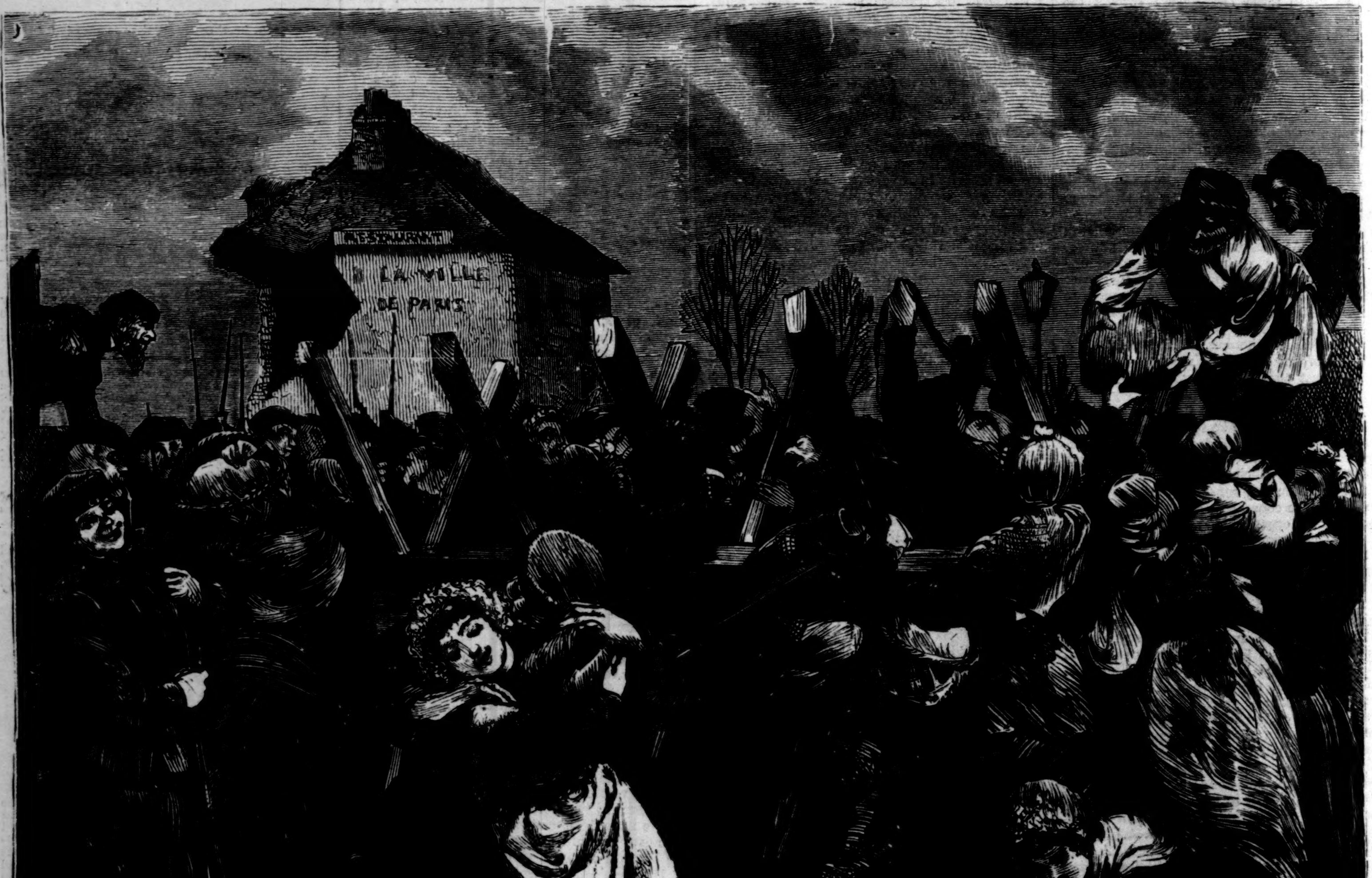
An old soldier, having been brought up to vote at an election at the expense of one of the candidates, voted for his opponent, and when reproached for his conduct, replied, "Always *quarter* upon the enemy, my lads; always *quarter* upon the enemy."



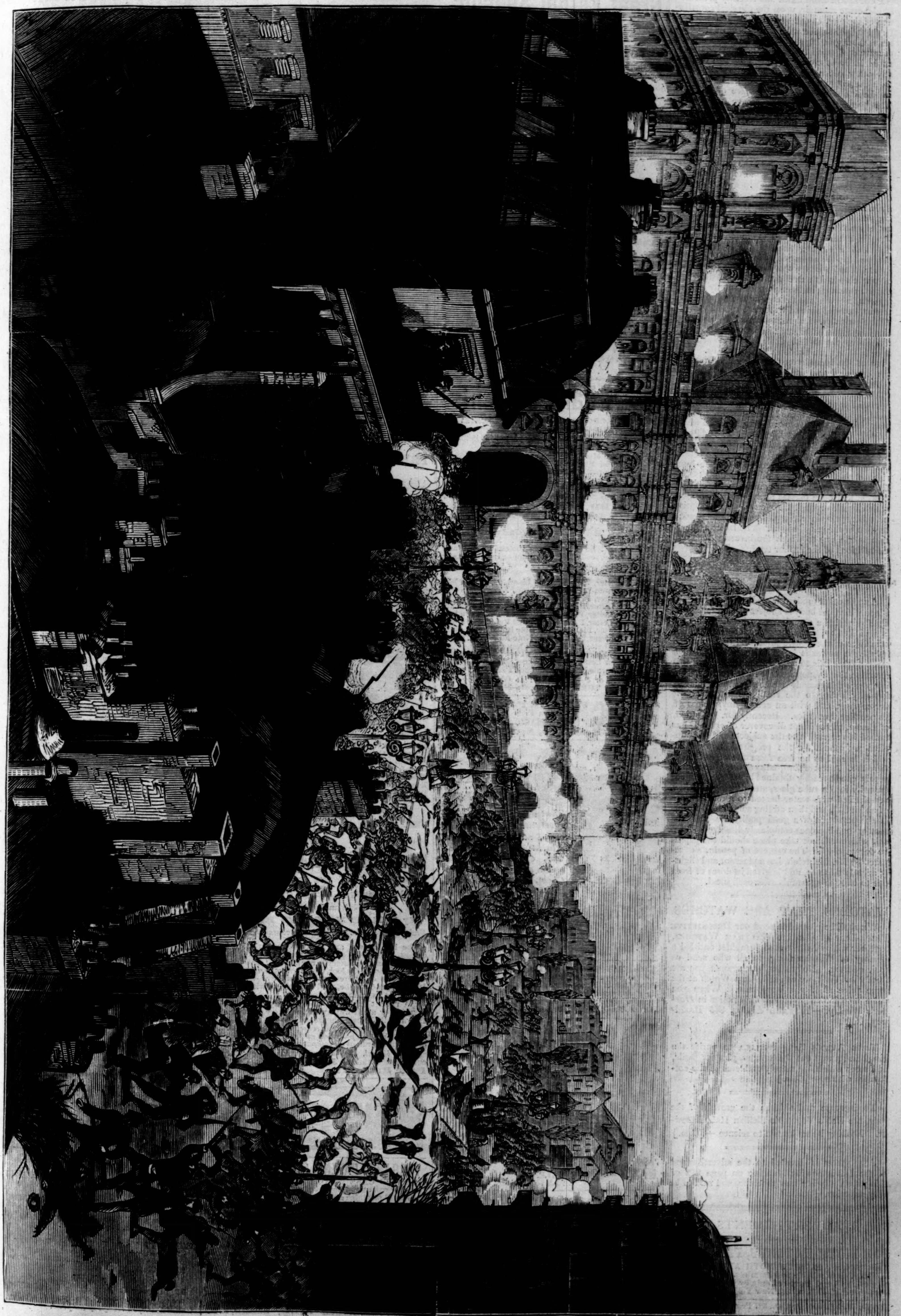
HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, U.S. MINISTER TO FRANCE.—[See Page 267.]


BOULANGER.
HOTEL
PAR
M. ROCHEFORT
DORDRE

REVICTUALING PARIS.—[See Page 267.]


LA VILLE
DE PARIS

TAKING TOLL AT A BARRICADE BEFORE PARIS.—[See Page 267.]



ATTACKING THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.—[See First Page.]

PROTUBERANCES OF THE SUN.

PROFESSOR ZOELLNER has recently presented an elaborate memoir, upon the physical constitution of the sun, to the Saxon Society of Science. In this paper he remarks that it is quite impossible, without quitting the range of known analogous occurrences, and at the same time the conditions explanatory of cosmical phenomena, to assume any other cause for the eruptive protuberances than the difference of pressure of the issuing gas in the interior and on the surface of the sun. The possibility of such a difference of pressure pre-supposes necessarily the existence of a separating layer between the inner and outer masses of hydrogen, the latter of which, as is known, forms an essential constituent of the sun's atmosphere.

The eruptive protuberances he considers to represent the efflux of a gas from one space into another, the pressure in both spaces during the discharge being assumed as constant, and neither a communication nor an abstraction of heat taking place. The protuberances are exhibited in two characteristic forms, the one vapor, or cloud-like, the other eruptive. The cloud-like formations bear a striking resemblance to terrestrial clouds; and the author considers this to be readily explained when we consider that the forms of our clouds are due not to the particles of water suspended in them, but essentially to the manner in which the differently heated and agitated masses of air and water are spread out.

The particles of aqueous vapor in terrestrial clouds are simply the material by means of which the above-mentioned differences between the masses of air are rendered evident to us. The glow of the incandescent masses of hydrogen is the cause of the visibility of the clouds of the protuberances.

With respect to the inner mass of hydrogen, bounded by the separating layer, which, if not solid, must be an incandescent liquid, two assumptions are presented: first, that the whole interior of the sun is filled with incandescent hydrogen, and, therefore, that the sun resembles a vast hydrogen bubble surrounded by an incandescent liquid envelope; second, that the interior of the sun consists of an incompressible liquid, in which local accumulations of incandescent hydrogen masses form near the surface, which break through their envelope as eruptive protuberances, in consequence of the increasing tension of the included gas. The latter assumption is the one to which the investigations and calculations of the author tend.

PEPSIN.

AMONG other modern remedies for the various ills to which the body is subject pepsin for a long time occupied a prominent position. This, as is well known, constitutes one of the peculiar principles of the gastric juice, and that to which its solvent power is largely due. Medical men teach us that it is to a diminished amount of this secretion that dyspeptics owe their troubles. Of late years this remedy has not been as popular as formerly, owing to the readiness with which it decomposes, and with an accompanying loss of its peculiar properties. Recently Dr. Liebreich, of Berlin, the eminent discoverer of chloral, has turned his attention to the subject, and has supplied a formula for the preparation of pepsin which is said to be free from the objection referred to. A test of the quality of any specimen of pepsin can be readily obtained by pouring a small quantity into a tube glass, and dipping this in a vessel filled with water heated to a temperature of about 80°, and then adding some blood fibrin. If the pepsin be of a good quality the fibrinous matter soon becomes completely dissolved—a result which will not take place should the pepsin be decomposed. The essence of pepsin, as repared by Dr. Liebreich, has a pleasant and slightly acidulated taste, and is given in doses of from one to two tea-spoonfuls after each meal.

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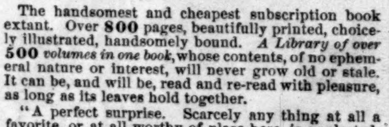

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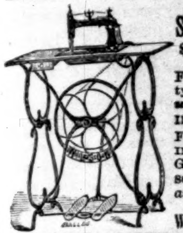

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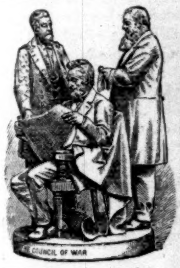

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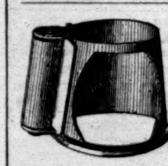

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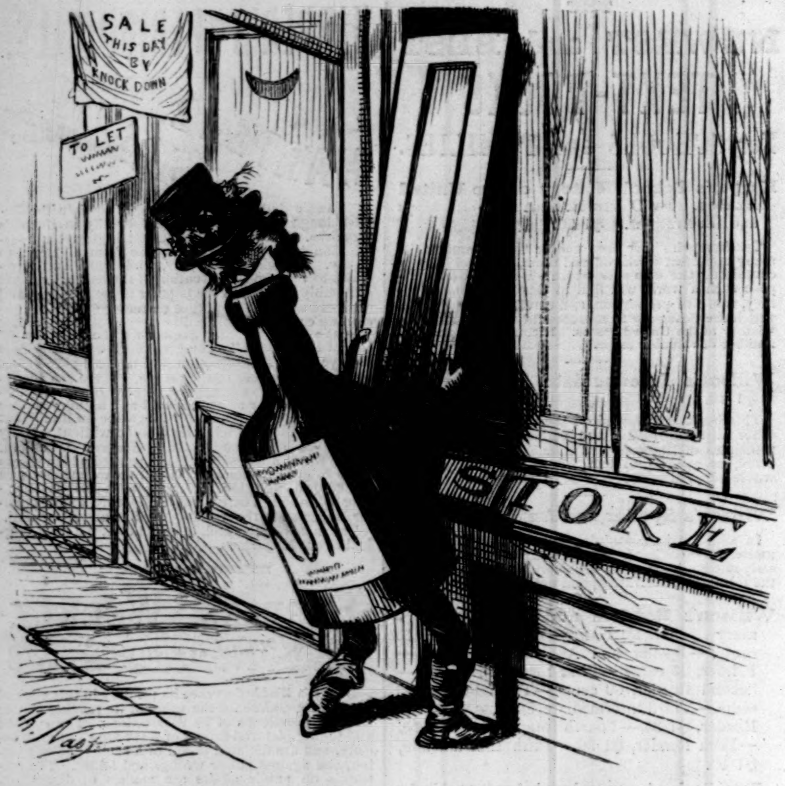

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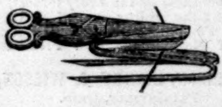

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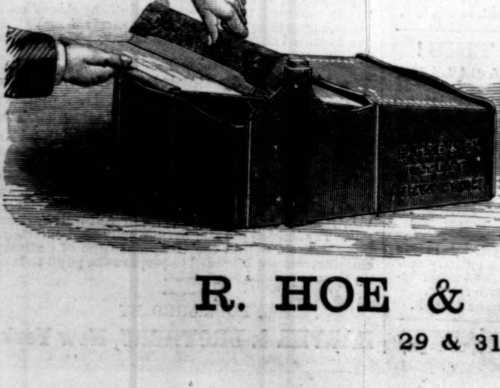

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New Loan of the U.S.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

Treasury Department,
Washington, *Feb.* 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given that books will be opened on the 6th day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved Jan. 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First—Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First—Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, of which there will be reserved, for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third—Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth—Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered, and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States known as Five-Twenty Bonds, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of Five-Twenty Bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues to the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

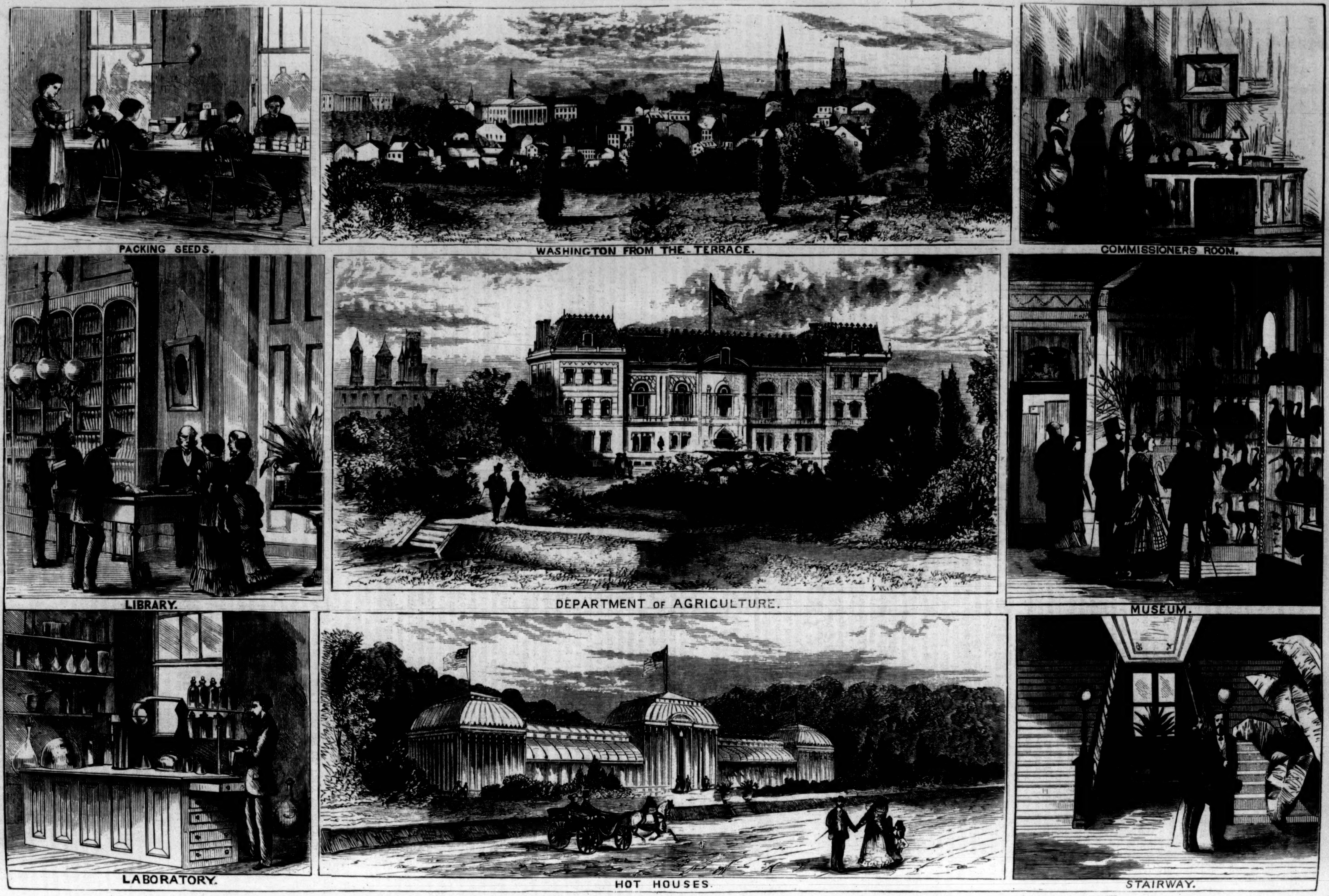
In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or at the Designated Depositories at Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Mobile, Ala.; and Pittsburg, Pa.

The Scrip Certificates of the New Stock are now ready. These can be exchanged for the New Bonds, on or after May 1, from which date the interest will run. Where Five-Twenties are surrendered for the New Loan, the interest in gold to May 1 will be paid on surrender of the Five-Twenty Bonds.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Progress of Reduction of the Public Debt of United States.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of Last Adminis'n, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, March 1, 1871.
5-20 six per cents	$606,569,500	$1,602,587,350	$1,424,098,300
Other six per cents	302,301,042	283,677,400	283,678,100
10-40 five per cents	172,770,100	194,567,300	194,567,300
Other five per cents	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
3-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000	....	....
3-year six per cent. notes	212,121,470	....	....
Total funded	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,854,050	$1,922,343,700
Greenback notes	$473,114,799	$356,021,073	$350,100,186
Greenback certificates	205,822,845	71,140,000	55,238,000
Gold certificates	....	28,775,560	29,657,500
Fractional currency	25,750,032	36,781,547	40,573,748
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,464	3,261,112
Total Treas. circulat'n.	$721,950,796	$499,140,644	$484,830,546
Less gold in Treas'y.	35,337,858	98,741,261	103,174,209
	$686,612,938	$400,399,383	$381,656,337
Less currency balance	81,401,775	16,853,529	20,854,606
Net Treas. circulation.	$605,211,163	$383,545,854	$360,801,731
Total principal of debt.	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,399,904	$2,283,145,431
Yearly interest, gold	$64,419,628	$124,255,350	$113,194,949
Yearly interest, currency	87,412,423	2,134,200	1,657,140
Total interest charge	$151,832,051	$126,389,550	$114,852,089



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DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. J. MORGAN.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

PEACE.

Where the battle raged the fiercest,
  Where the flame of hate burned red,
Where the ground was thickly covered
  With the dying and the dead,
Thou hast swept the wing of healing,
  Thou hast bade the conflict cease,
And the hand of retribution
  Holds the olive branch of Peace.

Thou canst bring again the quiet,
  Peaceful days we knew of yore,
But the hearts that made our gladness
  Thou canst ne'er again restore.
Homes and firesides may be builded
  On the ruins of the strife,
But, alas! no Hope has whispered,
  "I will bring your dead to life!"

We had sought thee in our sorrow,
  We despaired of thy return,
When we saw the fires of anger
  On the many hill-tops burn;
And we said there is no household
  Where the shadow falleth not,
As we thought of friends and kindred
  At Sedan or Gravelotte.

Peace! thou sayest to the nation,
  "Sit thee down and count the cost!"
Peace! thou sayest to the mourner,
  "Count the treasures thou hast lost!"
From our vision may thy presence
  Hide the horrors of the past,
Till our hearts have learned the message—
  Peace, sweet Peace, has come at last!

THE BRETON MARDI GRAS.

Pleasant winter days are rare in Brittany; and when one wakes in the morning to find the weather, for once, bright, clear, and crisp, the sensation of grateful appreciation is much keener than among us in America, who are used to such blessings. Happily, on that particular Tuesday morning in February, the sun rose kindly brilliant, and the fresh air gave energy to the spirits, stinging the cheeks with a healthy frostiness; its crispy coldness stirred the blood, and imparted to all the frame a cheery vigor. We were wont to sleep late. Night is, above all in France, the time of festivity and wakefulness; and we had, as usual, divided the preceding evening between café, club, and opera. Somehow, toward morning, my dreams became singularly troubled. Busby, hale companion of my travels, slept so deeply that his snores kept time with the gingerbread clock on the mantel; and doubtless their monotonous drawl had something—though not every thing—to do with my confused and troubled visions.

All the romances of Nantais history entered into these dreams; I saw Henry of Navarre signing the famed edict, and then looking round with a clownish grin which amazed me in so exalted a personage. I joined in the chase of Fouquet; I saw him fly across the old castle drawbridge, and anon turn into a Breton *bonne* upon the bastion; I beheld bishops blowing tin horns and leading orgies, with blue-bloused revolutionists in rags and helmets. This last fantasy clung to me the most persistently; the episcopal din grew more and more deafening, as Busby snored more and more loudly; the shouts of the *sans-culottes* became more and more frantic, as they led their mitred partners in the most imp-like dance that eyes ever saw or visions pictured. I gradually awoke; but the din continued! Louder and louder it sounded now in the street below, as I lay there, eyes wide open, unconscious when the dream ceased and reality began.

For a moment I was tortured by an unpleasant thought. We were in France, the land of sudden impulse. Might we be sleeping on a volcano? If it were a revolution! (I had been dreaming of blue blouses.)

I started from the depths of my couch—the traveled reader will know how deep a depth it was—and grasped Busby. He awoke in the middle of a snore, rubbed his eyes, and stared at me. The same thought which had troubled me flashed across his reviving brain; we looked at each other, and simultaneously muttered,

"A revolution?"

"I was dreaming," said Busby, "of all sorts of things—"

"Principally," I interrupted, remembering his nasal concert, "war-bugles, and such."

"Of blue-jacketed workmen," he continued, not deigning to notice my impoliteness, "with red caps of liberty, and howling women—ugh—"

"It's odd, Busby. So was I."

Busby hastened toward the window, and suddenly checked himself.

"No," said he, shivering on the bare oaken floor in the middle of the room—"no, Waddler, my boy, we are aristocrats. If it is an *émeute*, and we appear at the window, we shall be called *suspect*, with paving-stones."

With such presence of mind did the cool Busby stop midway in his career of curiosity. The next move was to the bell-rope. He pulled, and it came tumbling upon his hand—several yards of it. Then there was a knock at the door, which proved to be Garçon, come to call us to breakfast.

I never spoke better French in my life than I did then, albeit still leaning on my "conversation-book" as a staff.

"Garçon, what is all this noise about?"

"Là-bas, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes."

"Monsieur has forgotten this is the Mardi Gras."

"Oh!" said I, ignorant as before.

"Tuesday," murmured Busby, referring to his "conversation-book;" "Mardi is Tuesday. Gras—gras—gras; here it is—'fat.' Fat Tuesday! what on earth— Dites mo-i, gyarsong, quelle est—est—Mardi Grah?"

"Oh, Monsieur," rattled off Garçon, so rapidly that Busby stopped him every minute to find a word; "Mardi Gras is the great day of the Carnival. You will see great fun, Messieurs. It is our principal festival. Oh," went on Garçon, waxing zealous, and forgetting to be obsequious, "quels costumes, quelles fourberies, quelle diablesse, Messieurs, quel chic!—Pardon, breakfast is ready."

We were in luck, and being in Brittany "to see things"—like many philosophical travelers, we were particularly fond of studying the character of the race in its gayeties and deviltries—resolved to see all that was to be seen of the "Mardi Gras."

Impatiently and hurriedly we devoured our fried sardines and Medoc, our *côtelette à la sauce piquante* and sour bread, and engaged one of our glib-tongued and obliging hotel acquaintances to accompany us on the proposed expedition through the streets of the gay old town. It was, on ordinary occasions, the drowsiest and steadiest-going old town imaginable—being given up to commerce and humdrum pleasure, and only knowing at rare intervals the excitement pertaining to an official ball or the advent of a great histrionic star from the metropolis. On this morning, however, all was bustle and uproar—singing and howling, the braying of men and women, the tooting of horns, and the ringing of bells. Our solid old hotel stood on a large open square, on the crest of the hill on which a larger part of the city is built; it was a hotel, by-the-way, old enough to have accommodated, if not the retinue of bold Henry of Navarre himself, at least that of his grandson, Louis XIV., when he came rushing down the Loire in pursuit of his absconding superintendent. Opposite was the fine old heavy-pillared theatre; and on its broad yellow steps, and in its high-arched portico, we saw, as we emerged from the hotel court-yard, a perfect sea of shining white caps, decked with laces, and chains, and pins of various hues and shapes. Here, in short, had gathered a host of those hard-skinned, red-cheeked, brown-haired peasant women, from the contiguous villages for miles around, who are known under the general epithet of *bonnes*. They were, one and all, dressed in their very daintiest "bibs and tuckers;" many had babies and little children in care, the most diminutive of whom seemed to catch the hilarity which the scene inspired, and were crowing and cawing with all their little mights. This sea of *bonnes'* caps, with the *bonnes* and babies beneath them, was, to the stranger, a sight to see; and Busby, whose susceptibility to the charms of woman on every occasion excluded all other objects of interest, and obliterated social distinctions, was fain to hold a feminine review on the instant, by passing, with "his soul in his eyes," up and down in front of the theatre.

My ingenuous friend was, however, prevented from carrying out his æsthetic purpose—I say æsthetic, as he always insisted that his love of the female features and form was purely artistic—as a painter views a landscape. Not only the theatre, but the roofs, balconies, windows, doors, and sidewalks of the square were crammed and crowded by the most motley and curious crowd I ever saw. But the open part of the square was the central point of interest as well as of locality. Here were gathered the heroes of the Carnival of Mardi Gras. Imagination had run riot in the invention of these amazing and hitherto inconceivable costumes and metamorphoses. All the customary disguises which had grown so common in *bals masqués* were added to others wholly unique, peculiar to the place, and indescribable. Men, women, and boys were rigged up and accoutred in a hundred various fashions, in all the colors of the rainbow, and with an effect so wholly new and fresh to us that we stood stock-still in wonder and amazement. The antics and gyrations of this crowd of masqueraders were free and boisterous, rollicking, overflowing with homely, uncouth, and sometimes rudely energetic humor. They brayed like asses, and barked like dogs; squealed like monkeys, and hooted like owls; growled like panthers, and hissed like snakes; laughed like hyenas, and screamed like hawks. At the bottom of it all, doubtless, was many a bottle of the sharp white wine, which was cheap, if quick-yielding, inspiration, mounting, as it does, to the head and brain. They were capering, hustling, and crowding, embracing, pursuing innocent undisguised *bonnes* who had come out to "look on" with howls and roars of laughter, playing leap-frog and wrestling, blowing horns that deafened, and performing gymnastics that terrified. The liberty conceded to the maskers on this day of days is, it seems, as perfectly unstinted as the reddest French democrat of the period could wish. It is absolutely without limit. The careful frame-work which law has built up to preserve order, for once is ignored and ceases to avail. Gendarme and sergent de ville are for once indulgent and smiling, instead of being rigid and pitiless. Respectability permits familiarity with a patient resignation truly admirable. Fops see newly bought "stovepipes" vanish, crushed in a crowd of deftly dressed imps, with the curse smothered beneath their tongues. Mesdames the dames and demoiselles of good society must not venture within the reach of the Carnival *sans-culottes*, or they will, if pretty, be inevitably kissed, or, if plain, inevitably hustled and decked with burlesque night-caps. No one is exempt, were it by royal purple or judicial ermine. In short, to see the Carnival you must be prepared to suffer all things, and to resent nothing.

We were dressed, as it happened, in our best broadcloth, instead of, as in our jaunts, traveling costumes. We were just starting off when our French chaperon, observing it, said, smilingly,

"I beg your pardon—but may I be so free as to ask you to change your dress?"

Busby was intent on the bevy on the theatre steps, and did not hear; I expressed astonishment and inquiry in my countenance.

"Why?"

"Orange juice, Monsieur," returned Antoine, "may have a pretty color in the abstract, but gives a tint not altogether comely to broadcloth."

What he was driving at I could not imagine, and told him so.

"You will know by-and-by. Take my advice, and you will not repent it."

As the romancers say, the plot was thickening; involved in mysteries, I turned to comply. Just at this moment a troupe of screaming *bonnes*—of what sex it was hard to say—came rushing toward us, and, before he knew it, had pounced pell-mell upon the companion of my wanderings. Despite his remonstrances—in energetic English—they whirled away with him, and in another moment I saw his head, hatless, bobbing up and down in the excited crowd, his face red with unavailing wrath, and his hair dancing about his ears. Hastily rushing up stairs and changing my apparel, I descended again, to find the victim of this guerrilla raid, his broadcloth soiled and torn, his hat gone past recovery, and his almost breathless voice uttering execration on his persecutors. A change of clothing quite restored the good fellow's temper; and as we at last sallied out upon the street, he roared and roared again at the misadventure of which he had been a victim.

From the end of the square we could look down a long, straight, narrow thoroughfare, passing in a gentle slope to another square at the foot of the hill. Noble, solid, clumsily ornate old mansions, where once doubtless resided and reveled the faithful nobles of the Breton sovereign dukes, lined either side; and along every story of these ran long iron balconies, which were now thickly crowded by gayly dressed ladies and gallants on the lower stories, and people of the middle and lower classes on the upper. The sunlight streamed cheerily down on the narrow streets, shedding the full light on the centre, while the grim old houses were partly in shadow. The effect of this was very fine, and added a singular charm and romance to the scene which was enacting between sidewalk and sidewalk. We moved with infinite difficulty near the house walls, where the crowd was a conglomerated mass of maskers and priests, flower-girls and orange-women, *ouvriers* and gentlemen, shop-keepers and dandies. All were pushing and crowding hither and thither, currents meeting counter-currents, the side streets every moment pouring fresh quotas of merry-makers and the curious upon the already densely packed main thoroughfare. Antoine at last led us into the *rez-de-chaussée* of a high building half-way down the hill, guided us up a dark and damp staircase, through a suit of bachelor apartments, and out upon one of the balconies. Here we had a fine view, both of the fine old town in general and the fun that was going on immediately beneath us in particular. The high-towered cathedral in the hazy distance; nearer the blue and glistening Loire, rushing and roaring by; pinnacles of the churches here and there; the bright and airy Breton landscape, pleasant to the view even in midwinter, stretching out gracefully to the southward; bustle and noise, and many-colored forms down all the streets and cross-streets and lanes; and here just below the crowd swaying in billows—a crowd fantastic and uproarious, full of the spirit of fun, and reckless or careless whither the current took them or what happened to them. None of the stores were open, unless it were that now and then the windows, being in demand, had been let out (at five francs a standing-place) by the shrewd proprietor, bent on turning an honest penny, or a confectioner's, whose bonbons and gimcracks were likely to find a sale among so many roysterers. Every where you saw the tricolor of France waving from houses and public offices; and the deep cathedral bells, when one o'clock arrived, chimed out a merry, jingling tune, which was caught up and echoed by the lesser temples in every part of the city. Ever and anon would come dancing along a troop of peasants picturesquely and similarly clad, who had come, perhaps, twelve miles from their native village to mingle in a sport which no one who could, by hook or crook, witness it would miss. They would no sooner appear in the main thoroughfare than they would be greeted with a roar of rude applause, and would be welcomed to hospitable hustlings, kisses, and raps on the head and back—all of which, I am bound to say, they every one suffered with infinite good-humor, and gave back often as good as they got. Then they would gradually melt into the swaying mass, and become undistinguishable.

The great event of the day was a long procession of carriages and vehicles of every sort and shape, which took its course through the main thoroughfare, around in a circle, until it reached the thoroughfare again—going thus round and round in the same track for several hours together. The procession was open to all who could "beg, borrow, or steal" any thing on wheels which might claim to be a carriage or wagon. General, peasant, and shop-keeper had an equal right in the circle. There were the barouche-and-four of the prefect of the department and the general of the post, of the mayor of the city and the judge of the high court, mingled democratically among the donkey-carts of peasants and rude improvised carriages, which were simply boxes on wheels. Most of the vehicles were filled with maskers, who performed their antics with especial applause by reason of their elevation above the multitude. It was an odd thing to see the prefect as he sat, with smiling dignity, in his gilded and heraldry-bedizened carriage, with powdered and silver-laced coachmen and lackeys and high-mettled steeds, surrounded by that strange and boisterous mass of imps and burlesque knights and prancing skeletons, smiling constrainedly. The picture of official dignity had a most ludicrous frame indeed; still, he bowed and waved his hand with the air of a stern parent who had for once relaxed his discipline, and was pleased to see the unstinted frolickings of his children.

The wagons which held the masqueraders were as comical as possible. First, along came a miniature pasteboard *château*, mounted in a wagon, with bastion and turret and watch-tower; and from the terraces ludicrously overhelmeted knights, in cuirass and doublet, pelted right and left the excited crowd, their frail shields ever and anon yielding to the force of resentful blows. There came "my rattling mare and I," in the shape of a countryman's cart, with donkeys harnessed to it, and a cunning actor mimicking to the life rustic angularity and homely wit. Then came, in a cart, the model of a cottage-house, out of whose windows leaned brawny *bonnes*, who engaged with such lusty vigor in the general mêlée that one was forced to suspect them to be men in women's clothes; indeed, here and there I felt certain I saw beards protruding just a little beneath the masks. Now we espied a circular cart, fitted up as a circus ring; with clown and acrobat and sylph-like girl-performers in gauze and masks, performing as they went—with difficulty, as they were attacked by the outsiders every instant. One little ragged *gamin*, all laughter and deviltry, besmirched from top to toe, mounted on a donkey-cart, whisked off in an instant a gendarme's chapeau, and clapped it on his own grizzly head, giving the gendarme in exchange his own fragmentary and dirty cap; then rode skipping off, fairly yelling with glee: while the guardian of public order, inclined at first to wax wrathful, yet unable to avoid the infectious merriment about him, ran laughing after his frisky persecutor.

In the midst of the procession came along the tower of Babel, with little automaton masons building at its turrets of vanity. Then came an apparently marble pillar, which now would stop and stand stock-still, as if it naturally belonged there; and confidential couples, who had something of *very* special interest to confide to each other, would hide themselves behind it, the inhabitant of the pedestal listening with great interest to their mutual secrets. Anon stalked along a tall sheaf of corn, its ears whisking hither and thither as it advanced, and its gait clearly betraying it to be a sheaf of the gentler sex. Mingled with these appearances were almost all possible specimens of natural history, so that you might have imagined the Paris *Jardin des Plantes* to have been emptied to supply them: and all the nationalities were represented, putting to shame the Great Exposition itself, hurrying along as harmoniously as if they were, one and all, citizens of a Universal Republic. Beneath one of the windows, where sat a bevy of bright black-eyed and rosy-cheeked Breton belles, who were dividing the moments between coquetting with the gallants who stood behind them and screaming at the mishaps which constantly occurred below, a group of burlesque serenaders gathered, decked with ribbons and feathers, and howled and squeaked a burlesque scene from "Trovatore;" while, at a little distance off, some terpsichorean geniuses, setting a table on the pavement, and clearing a circle around it, would proceed to perform thereon the lusty *cancan* to the sound of fiddles, and amidst a roar of general delight. Here and there were saucy fellows who had rigged themselves up as *bonnes* with malice aforethought; their purpose was evident when we saw them rushing about and seizing the opportunity to kiss and embrace all the pretty *bona fide bonnes* who were unfortunate enough to be in their way; thus assuming with the dress the envied privileges of the sex.

Such was the scene which greeted our eyes when we found ourselves on the balcony; and now I found out what Antoine meant when he talked about the mysterious "orange juice." It seemed as if Busby was bound to be the victim of our party; for no sooner had we taken our places than my friend, who had insisted on at least wearing his new silk hat (with a view to the jaunty damsels of whom he had caught sight lining the balconies), with dismay saw his hat dancing off in mid-air closely pursued by a ragged *orange*, until both zigzagged down into the crowd below and disappeared.

No sooner had we observed this mishap than we found ourselves pelted with a merciless storm of the rich yellow fruit, and the targets of more than one of the groups stationed in the street below. This, it seemed, was the peculiar feature of the Breton Carnival. It was a glorious day for the fruiterers and dapper market-women, who no sooner appeared on the main thoroughfare with their loaded baskets than their stock was bought off wholesale, and in a few moments more had formed shapeless masses of débris, causing the people to slip this way and that on the ground. At times the air was absolutely heavy with these fruity missiles, which sped rapidly to and fro, and often squashed each other with a spirt in mid-air. The gentlemen and ladies in the balconies had, it appeared, taken care to provide themselves with heaps of oranges, with a view to entering, with the good-nature customary to the festival, upon the day's campaign. The contest was now an even one—family-proud aristocrat and wealthy *commerçant* vying on equal terms with the *gamin* of the alleys, the tillers of rustic vineyards, and the blue-bloused *ouvriers* of the faubourgs. The best aim and stoutest muscle won the victory and the applause of the multitude; and many were the deft attacks and vigorous responses, short and sharp orange battles raging about us every instant.

Those maskers who presented, as they passed in the procession, a peculiarly ludicrous or ostentatious appearance were sure to be attacked "along the whole line." When the mock-castle on wheels passed slowly along, with its towers and keeps loaded down with oranges, and its knights stoutly braving one and all with their martial audacity, down came a thick shower of oranges upon them from the balconies above, causing their limp shields to bend, and splashing ruthlessly plume and cuirass. Then the castle halted, and the retort became so very vigorous that it involved us innocents as well as the aggressors around us, and Busby was fain to suggest an incontinent retreat to the bachelor apartments in our rear. The whole procession was obliged to stop until the battle was over; the crowd became more and more dense; and battles of minor importance broke out from one end of the street to the other. Hats flew as wildly as the oranges themselves, and ever and anon a curly wig, or lace-trimmed chapeau, or grinning mask would pop suddenly into the air, and, falling, be in an instant trodden flat upon the pavement. The Roman nose of Cæsar was not exempt, but was wrenched from its owner's face, and went tumbling away with a dozen shattered oranges. Episcopal mitres were not sacred from the orange onslaught, but bobbed about as if in search of a worthy owner. Monkish beards were shaven close and clean, their unrooted hairs falling in a shower upon the people's heads. Sometimes the fruity hail assailed a passing and unoffending priest (no Breton crowd is without them, by the score), hastening in long draggling gown and broad-brimmed hat to his devotions; or yielded an unwelcome fragrance to the plush and lace of some stately coachman as he uneasily guided his horses, with their precious freight of nobility or official consequence, along the almost impossible line of the procession.

At times the attacks became too fierce even for stolid Breton patience; then you saw the attacked maskers tear their masks away from their hot faces, and fierce black eyes gleam with a momentary rage. They would grasp their oranges and throw them with impetuous swiftness and strength, and at haphazard; revenging themselves by shooting them pell-mell into the crowd around them, in whatever direction they chanced to face. It was but for a moment; the next, out came the bottles of white wine, and with the old French grace, which seems native alike to peasant and patrician, they waved a truce to their adversaries and in pantomime drank their healths. Despite the crowd, the drinking, the hot excitements of the day, and the naturally fierce Breton temperament, nothing serious occurred during the whole afternoon. There were no brawls or fights, and, wrought up as the crowd was, they abstained from so far sinning against authority as not to sing the "Marseillaise." There was, however, music, such as it was, in plenty; mainly rollicking airs from "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," and "Barbe Bleue," not unaccompanied by instruments, brass, stringed, and lung-played; nor unattended by bones and drums and tin horns, and a hundred burlesques on harmony never imagined out of Brittany.

The part taken by the women in the Carnival was no slight or modest one. It was even rumored that some *grandes dames* from the aristocratic Cathedral Square, wild young demoiselles who were resolved for once to break from the traces of propriety and the weary restraints of social decorum, were galivanting about in the procession, and outdoing their humbler sisters in the rollicking pranks peculiar to the occasion. Mostly, however, the feminine element was composed of the grisettes of the shops and factories, the *demi-monde*, the actresses and *coryphées* of the theatre, and the rustic *bonnes* either fresh from the villages or resident in the town as ladies'-maids and servant-girls.

It need hardly be said that the women wore the gayest colors and the most fantastic dresses. Some floated along in the breezy costume of the ballet, with pink and lace masks, and little tasseled caps; others appeared in male clothes, or in some outrageous parody of beggary or quaintness. Many an Amazonian joust occurred along the line, the participants hurling their oranges with awkward aim and reckless prodigality, and adding to the general din by their screams when they were hit. Often a loving couple of maskers would come riding along in one of the wagons, and, their sentimental pose noted, would be jeered at and pelted, and worried on every side. The coquetries of the day were numberless, and many were the embraces and ostentatious love-makings, the struggles for kisses and the conflicts of rival aspirants for the favor of the fair disguised. The scene did credit, at least, to the muscles of the Breton damsels; for when they mingled in the orange mêlée they were seldom worsted, though their masculine adversaries did not stay their hands for gallantry. Busby, charmed with so many neat and dapper little figures flitting about, essayed, now and then, a sly flirtation—kissing his hand, or waving his hat to them, furtively—but seldom succeeded in gaining any more flattering recognition of his advances than a shower of oranges, well aimed at his head by the objects of his favors and their *chaperons*.

The procession of carriages and wagons and boxes on wheels wound round and round hour after hour, gaining each moment new accessions to its line; often delayed half an hour at a time by the battles of the oranges; screaming, laughing, howling, singing, going on in a continuous uproar throughout the afternoon. It was already twilight—a long lingering twilight—before the line began to thin, or the zeal of the masqueraders to abate. Gradually the carriages of the prefect, the general, and other officials and citizens of rank fell out, and left the masquerading vehicles sole occupants of the line; then these gradually dropped off one by one. At last the procession presented long, irregular gaps, and the crowd had grown sparse enough on the sidewalks to render locomotion no longer difficult. As we emerged into the street, its appearance from end to end was amusing enough; for you would have imagined that there had been a long and severe storm, when the heavens had hailed oranges. As the people passed along they slipped every moment, and many were the laughable accidents which occurred. Mingled with the fruity débris were hats and gloves, noses and beards, and pieces of cloaks and feathers, showing how earnestly the conflicts had raged.

On reaching again the square where stood the theatre and our hotel, we found that the orgie was by no means over yet. The merry-makers had gathered here *en masse*, looking, indeed, rather the worse for the day, their dresses and faces smeared with orange juice, and their faces still red with the exertions of the conflict, but still bent on making the most of the fast-departing Mardi Gras. The wine-bottles were passing freely from hand to hand, men and women alike taking deep draughts to keep up their somewhat jaded limbs. Presently a general shout arose, and several of the maskers began to push back the crowd so as to form a circle in the centre of the square. When the circle was large enough, forthwith there appeared in the middle of it a group of merry-makers more elaborately dressed than the mass, mostly in Spanish costume—the girls in short gauzy dresses, high boots, and little gold-laced caps; and the men in short cloaks, sugar-loaf hats adorned with feathers, and ribbon leggings. The crowd pressed about the circle, and we followed their example; and forthwith these performers began one of the most energetic, and withal graceful, dances I ever witnessed. The girls had little tambourines, and the men whistles and fifes; while at one side of the ring were some fiddlers and guitar-players, who rung out the merriest of possible *cancan* airs. The way the dancers leaped about, seemingly without rhyme or method, a combination between a grand *pas de ballet* and a negro "plantation walk-around," tumbling and jumping, skipping and whirling, was amazing to see. Before this performance was over the deep leaden haze of the late February twilight had descended; the lamps in the square had been lit, and the gens d'armes, at last fain to return to their function of restoring order, were moving among the crowd and gradually dispersing it. Slowly it broke up; and up and down the streets and alleys, far and near, for an hour afterward, might be heard the receding echoes of the roisterers, singing, dancing, and laughing till they reached their very doors, and at last found rest in their ground-floors and attics.

THE EXPRESS TICKET.

ONE of the pleasantest journeys I ever took was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city. I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half a dozen miles he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile, "Afraid of strangers with cards? Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other."

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

"There you are to blame," he returned; "you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice, and always be on your guard."

"But then," I said, with a smile, "by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you."

"You wouldn't be far wrong if you did," he replied, with a very meaning nod; "I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment-station; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes—and won them. However, I am all right to-night, and don't want to win any body's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time."

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

"If it shouldn't do you more good than it will me, you needn't mind," he returned; "light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; "that must have been awkward."

"Awkward! I believe you," he said. "But there! a man with his head screwed on the right way need never be at a loss in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate, I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement a long way down the line, and I had not a friend who would lend me sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening, a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?"

"Well," I replied, "I hardly know. If I had a watch—"

"But I hadn't," he interrupted, "nor any thing else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course, I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first-class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other."

"Then, perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent," I said, "and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London."

"Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear," he replied; "station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now, I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know some day what is possible to be done in such a fix."

I nodded my thanks, and he began:

"I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it somehow, however, and I did, this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train, with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away; some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the book-stalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chanced dropping out just before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been all by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender on the coke, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they changed engines; so this, again, wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognized; but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing-men, and had once actually persuaded the towns-people to put their races down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me; I may call it a presentiment that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; you know, of course, how busy the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back, and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment-rooms and book-stalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and there was I walking up and down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

"I paused for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out, and wondered whether one of the men would let me ride with him if I told him of a good thing I knew—I really did know of it—for the Cambridgeshire; when, all at once, a splendid idea struck me. It was the very thing! The door of the little room was half open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eyes in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap, which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said, 'Tickets, if you please.' The old gentleman was reading a book; he looked round, pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaiming, 'Dear me! I had quite forgotten,' he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said, 'This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?'

"'Yes, Sir,' I answered, touching my cap; 'only been in force this month, Sir.'

"'Oh,' he said, and began reading his book again.

"At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to bawl out, 'Any more going on?' but there was plenty of time for me. I dashed back to the little room, but hang me if there wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great-coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear, at some of his mates for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double ladder they wheel about to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and flung them down by the door, put on my own cap, and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station doors were closed, but a guard, catching sight of me, shouted, 'Now, Sir, this way, or you will be too late!' He opened a carriage door and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. I didn't at all suppose he would recognize me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me any where else. However, there was no help for it now, and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather, and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep, but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of 'All tickets ready,' I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular one this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said, 'Tickets, if you please.' I gave him mine, which he merely glanced at and returned; and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman had, of course, done nothing. 'Now, Sir, if you please,' said the guard.

"'Eh?' returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

"'Tickets, Sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, Sir,' answered the man.

"'Tickets! tickets!' echoed the dean; 'mine is all right. I have given it up.'

"'Not to me, Sir,' said the guard; 'and no one else has been near this carriage.'

"'Oh, but I gave it up before we started,' explained the old gentleman; 'it is a new rule—has only been in force this month.'

"Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter here, the dean explained this so innocently.

"'New rule, Sir!' said the guard. 'No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end.'

"'Now, Popkins!' shouted a superior of some kind; 'haven't you finished with that carriage yet?'

"'Come, Sir, look sharp with that ticket,' urged the guard.

"'What do you mean?' demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry. 'What do you mean, Sir? I have given up my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself.'

"Popkins was now shouted at again very angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage door.

"'Now, what's all this delay about?' said a man in a very swaggering tone (I suppose he was in some authority there)—'what's all this about, Popkins?'

"'Why,' said the guard, 'this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me.'

"'Nay, nay; I am not certain about that,' said the old gentleman. 'I only say I gave it up to some guard, who told me it was a new rule, and he was much such another man as yourself.'

"'Oh, that won't do,' said the chief officer, very harshly; 'we must have your ticket or your money, or else we shall remove you from the carriage. We have these games tried on us very often.'

"'Do you, indeed?' said the old gentleman. 'Do you, indeed? There is my card, Sir, and I shall leave you to take your own course.'

"Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads out of all the windows, and asking what was the matter.

"'Perhaps this gentleman,' says the guard, meaning, of course, myself, 'who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your ticket, Sir, because I have just examined it.'

"'Unfortunately,' said the dean, speaking before I could answer, 'this gentleman was not in the carriage: he came in just as the train was starting, and after the collection of the tickets.'

"The men looked at one another, and I could see they did not believe the story at all.

"'I am afraid, Sir, you are under a great mistake,' said the chief one; 'and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you do not pay now. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you.'

"The old gentleman looked angrier than ever, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: 'There, Sir, there is your money; but, rely on it, you will hear from Jessom & Jessom, my solicitors, Sir, on the matter. It is an atrocious robbery!'

"'You will have your ticket given you at the next station,' said the other. 'I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, Sir, you are in error; you are, indeed.—All right forward!'

"'Error, Sir! error!' exclaimed the dean. 'You shall see, Sir: you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of any thing; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction.—I will take your card, Sir.' The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded, and off we went. 'Oblige me with your card, Sir,' continued the dean. 'I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding?'

"'Never, Sir: absolutely scandalous!' I replied. 'But do you think it will be worth your while to take any further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble.'

"'Trouble, Sir! What do I care for that?' demanded the dean, indignantly. 'It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, Sir.'

"I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment-station the guard brought him his ticket, which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out. I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt that Mrs. Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend whose card I gave, I never heard whether the dean had tried to find him out or not; in fact, although I called him my friend, we were by no means friendly— You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh?" ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

"I think it downright dishonest," said I frankly, "unless you repaid the dean."

"Oh, I did that," responded he. "I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend. I'm a racing-man, and up to a thing or two, but I'm as straight as a die for honesty."

Well, well, I wonder where my communicative friend is now. I dare say the pitcher has gone once too often to the well in his case, as with the thousand other clever fellows we read of in their appropriate histories.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

By S. C. Hall.

"POETRY has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." These eloquent and impressive words prefaced a book of poems bearing date "May, 1797," and up to a summer morning in 1834, when, "under the pressure of long and painful disease," he yielded to the universal conqueror, and joined the beatified spirits who praise God without let or hindrance from earth, the comfort and consolation thence derived had brought continual happiness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet was the joy of his heart and mind drawn from a far higher source. He lived and died a Christian, seeking salvation "through faith in Jesus, the Mediator," and earnestly and devoutly teaching "thanksgiving and adoring love," ending his last will and testament with these memorable words—"His staff and His rod alike comfort me."

It is a rare privilege to have known such a man. The influence of one so truly good as well as great can not have been transitory. It is a joy to me now—nearly forty years after his departure. I seem to hear the melodious voice, and look upon the gentle, gracious, and loving countenance of "the old man eloquent," as I write this Memory, a memory of him who,

> "In bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at St. Mary Ottery, on the 21st October, 1772, and was thus a native of my own beautiful county—the county of Devon. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, and head-master of Henry VIII.'s Free Grammar School—"the King's School"—was a man of considerable learning, and also of much eccentricity. Many singular stories are told of him; among others, that he occasionally addressed his peasant congregation in Hebrew.

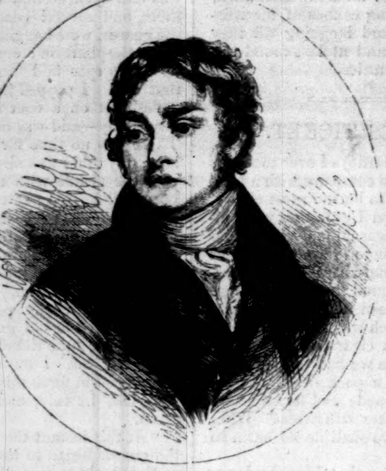
Coleridge was a solitary child, the youngest of a large family. Of weakly health, "huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity; driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation," he had "the simplicity and docility of a child, but not the child's habits," and early sought solace and companionship in books. In *The Friend* he informs us he had read a volume of "The Arabian Nights" before his fifth birthday. Through the interest of Judge Buller, one of his father's pupils, he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and was placed there on the 18th July, 1782. Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—was in 1782 very different from what it is in 1870. The hideous dress is now the only relic of the old management that made "such boys as were friendless, depressed, moping, half-starved, objects of reluctant and degrading charity." There is little doubt that the treatment he received induced a weakness of stomach that was the parent of much after-misery. The head-master was the Rev. James Bowyer. Coleridge writes of him: He was "a sensible, though a severe master," to whom "lute, harp, and lyre, muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were abominations." De Quincey considers his great idea was to "flog;" "the man knouted his way through life from bloody youth up to truculent old age." And Gillman relates that to such a pitch did he carry this habit, that once when a lady called upon him on "a visit of intercession," and was told to go away, but lingered at the door, the master exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog *her*." Leigh Hunt thus describes the tyrant of the school: "His eye was close and cruel;" "his hands hung out of the sleeves of his coat as if ready for execution." He states that Coleridge, when he heard of the man's death, said "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

Among his school-fellows were Charles Lamb and, later, Leigh Hunt. The friendship with Lamb, then commenced, endured unchangingly through life. In one of the pleasantest of his essays he recalls to memory "the evenings when we used to sit and speculate at our old Salutation Tavern upon pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth." Wordsworth told Judge Coleridge that many of his uncle's sonnets were written from the "Cat and Salutation,"* where Coleridge had "imprisoned himself for some time;" and Talfourd tells us it was there Lamb and Coleridge used to meet, talking of poets and poetry, or, as Lamb says, "beguiling the cares of life with poetry—

> "'Our lonely path to cheer, as travelers use,
> With merry tale, quaint song, or roundelay.'"

Yet full draughts of knowledge Coleridge certainly took in at Christ's Hospital. Before his fifteenth year he "had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English anacreontics;" he became captain of the school; and in learning soon outstripped all competitors. "From eight to eighteen," he writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, clumsy, slovenly, heedless of dress and careless as to personal appearance, treated with severity by an unthinking master, yet ever luxuriating in books, wooing the muse, and wedded to verse."

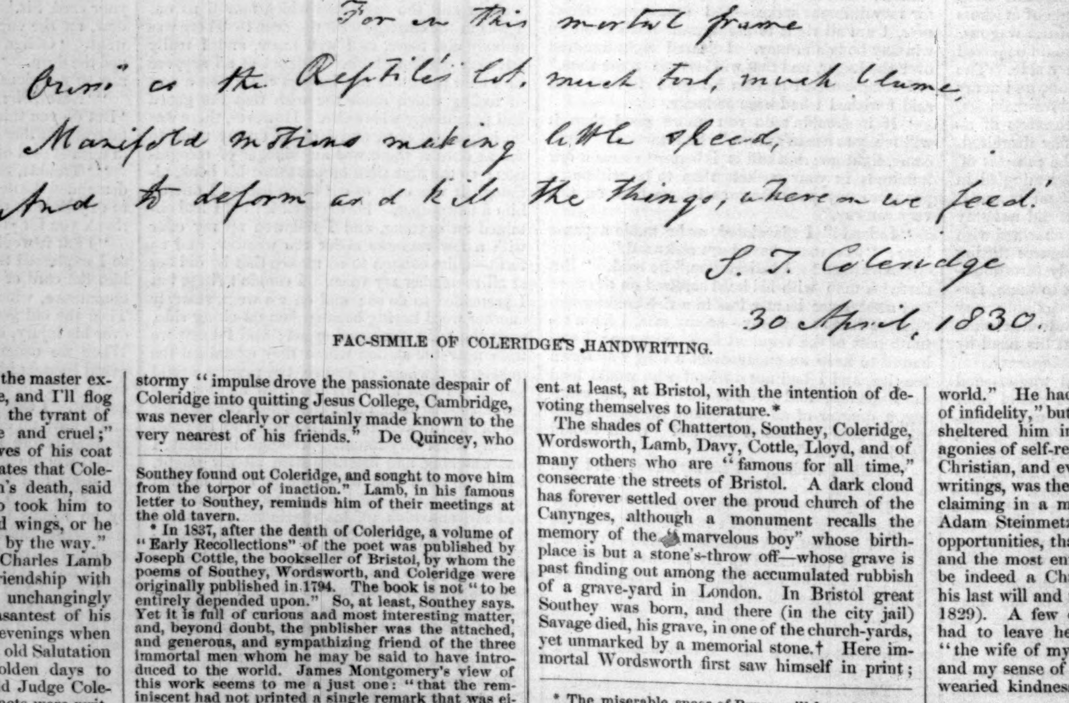
At the age of eighteen, on the 7th of February, 1790, after much discomfort and misery, he left Christ's Hospital for Jesus College, Cambridge. His fellow-scholars even then anticipated for him the fame which many of them lived to see. "The friendly cloisters and happy groves of quiet, ever-honored Jesus College" he quitted without a degree, although he obtained honors—poetical honors, that is to say. His reading was too desultory; in mathematics he made no way; there was, consequently, little chance of the University providing him with an income, and he had to take his chance in the world. During his residence at Cambridge occurred that romantic episode with which all readers are familiar. Having come up to London greatly dispirited, on the 3d of December, 1793, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomkin Cumberbatch. The story is told in various ways. Joseph Cottle, who professes to gather the facts from several "scraps" supplied by Coleridge at various times, infers that he enlisted because he was crossed in love. He made, of course, a bad soldier, and a worse rider. He did not long remain in the army. According to Cottle, he was standing sentry when two officers passed who were discussing one of the plays of Euripides. Coleridge, touching his cap, "corrected their Greek."* Another account is that one of the officers of the troop discovered some Latin lines which Coleridge had pinned up to the door of a stable. The discovery of his scholarship was made, however; his discharge was soon arranged; and he was restored to the University. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," states that the arrangements for his discharge took place at her father's house at Reading, where the 15th was then quartered, and adds that it was much facilitated by one of the servants who "waited at the table" agreeing to enlist in his stead.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

What motive swayed the judgment, or what stormy "impulse drove the passionate despair of Coleridge into quitting Jesus College, Cambridge, was never clearly or certainly made known to the very nearest of his friends." De Quincey, who writes this, adds that he enlisted "in a frenzy of unhappy feeling at the rejection he met with from the lady of his choice." In 1836 I published in the *New Monthly Magazine* an article entitled "A letter from Wales by the late S. T. Coleridge." It was addressed to Mr. Marten, a clergyman in Dorsetshire. Coleridge being at Wrexham, standing at the window of the inn, there passed by, to his utter astonishment, a young lady, "Mary Evans, *quam afflictum et perdite amabam*—yea, even to anguish." "I sickened," he adds, "and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life." May not this incident, which seems to have been unknown to his biographers, supply a key to the motive of his enlistment, as surmised by both Cottle and De Quincey?

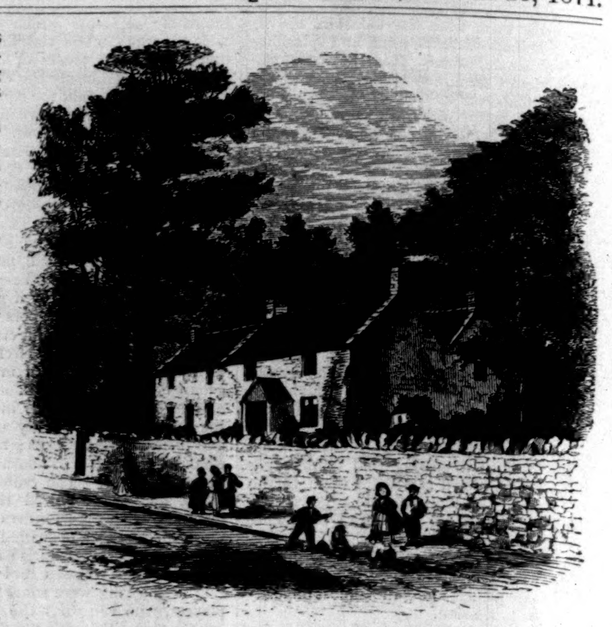
After his return to Cambridge he formed, with Southey, the scheme of emigrating to America. Southey, in a letter to Montgomery long afterward, thus briefly explains it: "We planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America, upon the basis of common property, each laboring for all—a Pantisocracy—a republic of reason and virtue." And Joseph Cottle writes: "In 1794, Robert Lovell, a clever young Quaker, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna to form a 'social colony,' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed." Two of the "patriots" were introduced to the more prudent bookseller: one of them was Coleridge, the other Southey. It was speedily ascertained that their combined funds, instead of sufficing to "freight a ship," would not have purchased changes of clothing; and very soon the Pantisocratic trio were necessitated to borrow a little money from the bookseller to pay their lodgings, which were then at 48 College Street, Bristol (the house is still standing, and remains in nearly its original condition). The scheme was, of course, abandoned, and Coleridge and Southey married the two sisters of Mr. Lovell's wife, resolved to settle down, for the present at least, at Bristol, with the intention of devoting themselves to literature.*



For in this mortal frame
Ours is the Reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed.'
S. T. Coleridge
30 April, 1830.

FAC-SIMILE OF COLERIDGE'S HANDWRITING.

The shades of Chatterton, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Davy, Cottle, Lloyd, and of many others who are "famous for all time," consecrate the streets of Bristol. A dark cloud has forever settled over the proud church of the Canynges, although a monument recalls the memory of the "marvelous boy" whose birthplace is but a stone's-throw off—whose grave is past finding out among the accumulated rubbish of a grave-yard in London. In Bristol great Southey was born, and there (in the city jail) Savage died, his grave, in one of the church-yards, yet unmarked by a memorial stone.† Here immortal Wordsworth first saw himself in print;



COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT CLEVEDON.

here Humphrey Davy had a vision of a lamp of greater worth than that of the fabled Aladdin; here dwelt the profound essayist, John Foster; here Robert Hall glorified a Non-conformist pulpit; here Hannah More taught to the young imperishable lessons of virtue, order, piety, and truth; here the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter dwelt in early youth and in venerated age; and here the artists Lawrence, Bird, Danby, Pyne, and Muller earned their first loaves of dry bread. But Bristol was never the nourishing mother of genius; the birds from her nest, as soon as full-fledged, went forth—thenceforward uncared for; they obtained no affection, and manifested no attachment. Here and there a few lines of tributary verse and a gracious memory bear misty records of friendships formed and services accorded in the great city of commercial prosperities; but Bristol has assuredly not honored, neither has she been honored by, the worthies who in a sense belong to her, and of whom all the rest of the world is rightly and justly proud.

While at college Coleridge imbibed Socinian opinions, and his mind became "terribly unsettled." In his Monody on the Death of Chatterton ("sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy") he thus indicated his sad and perilous forebodings:

> "I dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
> Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom."

He tells us that before his fifteenth year he had bewildered himself in metaphysics and theological controversy, "and found no end, in wandering mazes lost." One of the experiments as to his future was to become a preacher. He was looked upon by the Bristolians as the rising star of Unitarianism, and he did actually, on a few occasions, preach. He preached indeed, but in so odd a dress and so out of the usual routine, that it was quite clear, as a minister, "he would not do."* Yet Hazlitt thus describes one of the sermons of the "half-inspired speaker:" "I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and philosophy had met together; truth and genius had embraced under the eye, and with the sanction, of Religion."

It was not long, however, before he struggled through the slough of Socinianism, and was freed from the trammels of infidelity. Cottle records how "he professed the deepest conviction of the truths of Revelation, of the fall of man, of the divinity of Christ, and redemption alone through His blood," and had heard him say, in argument with a Socinian minister, "Sir, you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." He is also represented as saying of Socinians on another occasion, that "if they were to offer to construe the will of their neighbor as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society;" and he eagerly protested against the theory that there was "no spiritual world, and no spiritual life in a spiritual world." He had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity," but he had found a haven—one that sheltered him in pain, in trouble, even in the agonies of self-reproach. He became a thorough Christian, and ever after, in all his speakings and writings, was the advocate of the Redeemer, proclaiming in a memorable letter to his godson, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and on many other opportunities, that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be indeed a Christian." This passage is from his last will and testament (dated September 17, 1829). A few of the small things of earth he had to leave he bequeathed to Ann Gillman, "the wife of my dear friend, my love for whom and my sense of unremitting goodness and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope, and humbly trust, will follow me as a part of my abiding being in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power, of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the way and the truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men He might be the resurrection and the life."

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* In the several memoirs of Coleridge and of Lamb the inn is described as being in Smithfield; I believe, however, it is in Newgate Street, No. 17. Peter Cunningham so states. Cunningham adds that "here Southey found out Coleridge, and sought to move him from the torpor of inaction." Lamb, in his famous letter to Southey, reminds him of their meetings at the old tavern.

* In 1837, after the death of Coleridge, a volume of "Early Recollections" of the poet was published by Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol, by whom the poems of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were originally published in 1794. The book is not "to be entirely depended upon." So, at least, Southey says. Yet it is full of curious and most interesting matter, and, beyond doubt, the publisher was the attached, and generous, and sympathizing friend of the three immortal men whom he may be said to have introduced to the world. James Montgomery's view of this work seems to me a just one: "that the reminiscent had not printed a single remark that was either dishonorable to himself or derogatory to the friendship that had existed between him and the highly gifted individuals." Cottle's book-shop stood at the northeast corner of High Street; the house was burned down long ago, and has been rebuilt. His residence was Fairfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, where he died in 1853, in his eighty-fourth year.

* The miserable sneer of Byron will be remembered; but the "three sisters" were of Bristol, and not of "Bath;" in "Don Juan" they were transferred to Bath because the word suited better than Bristol for the rhyme of the poet.

† I suggested to a respected merchant of Bristol the removal of this reproach from the city, and I rejoice to say it has been recently done.

* Joseph Cottle says, "He preached twice at the Socinian chapel in Bath, in blue coat and white waistcoat, once on the Corn Laws and once on the hair-powder tax!" The witty answer of Charles Lamb will be called to mind. Coleridge asked him, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do any thing else," was the reply.

In 1796 he started a publication which he called the *Watchman*, the motto of which was, "That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." The first number was issued on the 5th of February, 1796, to be published every eighth day, at the price of fourpence. It soon died, involving its editor in a heavy debt, which, happily, a friend discharged. In the "Biographia Literaria" there is a lively account of his travels in search of subscribers, mingled with some painful reminiscences of "those days of shame and regret," the degrading anxieties of his canvass. He was reminded by one to whom he applied, that twelve shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one person, when there were so many objects of charity; a noble lord, whose name had been given him as a subscriber, reproved him for impudence in directing his pamphlets to him; a rich tallow-chandler was "as great a one as any man in Brummagem for liberty and them sort of things," but begged to be excused; while an opulent cotton-dealer in Manchester was "overrun with these articles;" and another "had no time for reading and no money to spare." At the ninth number he "dropped the work," and had the satisfaction of seeing his servant light his fires with the surplus stock, recording the event in this expressive line:

> "O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain!"

But, in truth, he soon disgusted all his Jacobin supporters by attacking "modern patriotism," and raising a warning voice against it. Like "Balaam, the son of Beor," he blessed where he was employed to curse. Instead of advocating infidelity and the freedom that France was then brewing in her infernal caldron, French morals, and French philosophy, he "avowed his conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the Gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties—thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans. While residing at Stowey, and having Wordsworth for his constant companion, Coleridge and his friend were suspected of being Jacobins; they were actually placed under surveillance, and a spy was ordered to watch their movements. They were guilty of talking to each other "real Hebrew Greek," and of wandering about the hills with papers in their hands; but nothing more formidable being urged, they remained at large.

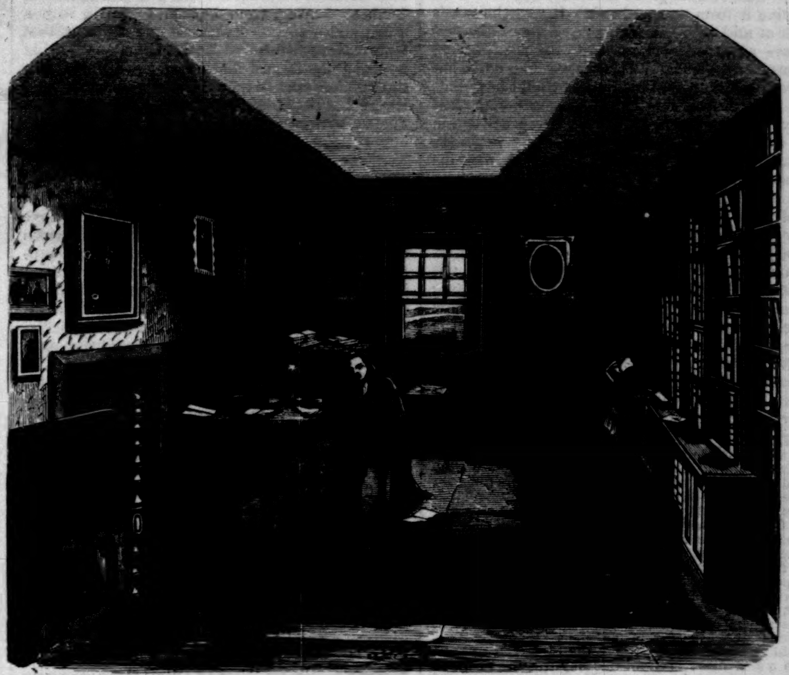
The help of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—worthy sons of a great father, honored be the name!—by settling on Coleridge an annuity of £150, placed him at comparative ease. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others." By that help "I was enabled to finish my education in Germany." In September, 1798, he sailed with Wordsworth and his sister from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg. He was but fourteen months absent, and returned to London in November, 1799. The fruits of his journey were seen in his translation of "Wallenstein," which he wrote at a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand. His travels in Germany, entitled "Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken," etc., he gave to me in 1828, for publication in the *Amulet* (one of the then popular "Annuals," of which I was editor from the year 1825 to the year 1836); they were subsequently reprinted by Mr. Gillman, in his Life of Coleridge.[*] They contained the well-known poem:

> "I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height."

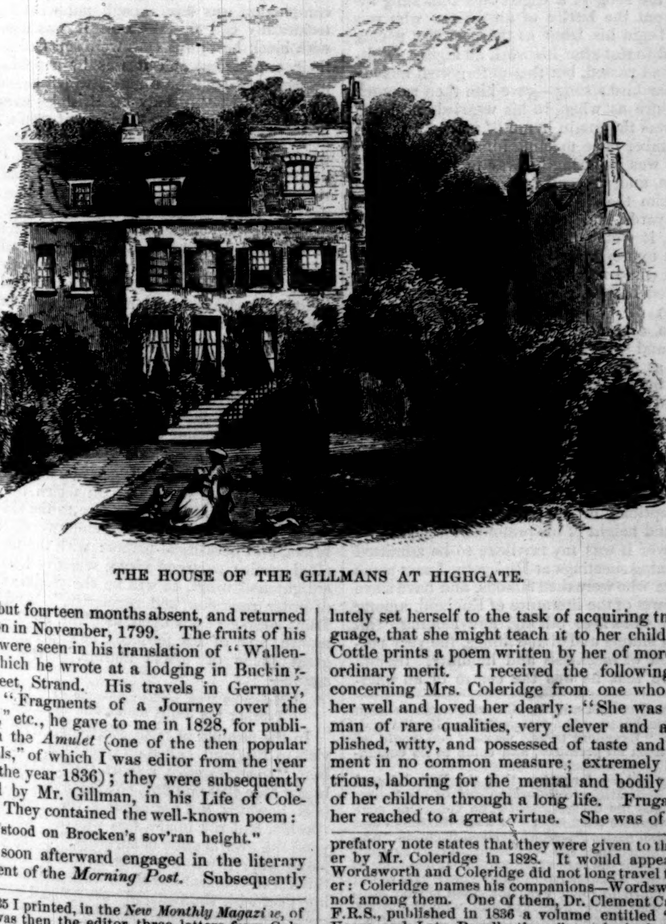
He was soon afterward engaged in the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Subsequently he visited Malta, Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy, from which, however, he made a rapid exit, an order for his arrest having been sent, it is said, by Bonaparte, in consequence of his writings in the *Morning Post*.

The Friend, another literary venture, was published weekly; it reached its twenty-seventh number, and, like the *Watchman*, ceased from want of support. It was unfortunately printed at Penrith, and Coleridge was actually induced to set up a printer there, to buy and lay in a stock of type, paper, etc. The result was assured; the printer failed, and Coleridge had to sustain a severe pecuniary loss.

The circumstances that kept Coleridge apart from his wife during the greater portion of his life form one of those hidden mysteries into which it is not our business to inquire. Coleridge was married to Miss Sara Fricker on the 4th of October, 1795, at the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. There is abundant testimony to the amiable qualities and pure character of Mrs. Coleridge. De Quincey, perhaps, is the best authority on the subject: "She was in all circumstances a virtuous wife and a conscientious mother." Moreover, she was by no means commonplace: the affection borne for her by her sister's husband, Southey, and her long and close companionship with the high-souled Laureate, would suffice as evidence on that head. De Quincey records that, wishing her daughter to learn Italian, and in her retirement at Keswick finding it impossible to procure the aid of a master, she resolutely set herself to the task of acquiring the language, that she might teach it to her child; and Cottle prints a poem written by her of more than ordinary merit. I received the following note concerning Mrs. Coleridge from one who knew her well and loved her dearly: "She was a woman of rare qualities, very clever and accomplished, witty, and possessed of taste and judgment in no common measure; extremely industrious, laboring for the mental and bodily needs of her children through a long life. Frugality in her reached to a great virtue. She was of transparent truthfulness, in thought, word, and deed. Her unusually clear statements were very striking, both in writing and speaking. She probably withheld her 'candid admiration of her husband's intellectual powers,' which she undoubtedly was quite capable of appreciating, for she was *impatient* of what she conceived to be his impractical habits in matters of daily life, and that by which it must be clothed and fed. I have heard her speak sadly on that point; and I have often heard her speak *most* emphatically of his purity, of his uncommon gifts, and of his unlikeness to ordinary men. They took a pride in each other to the last. The mystery of their long separation can better be solved by the very common-place facts of difficulties in matters of L. S. D. than in any of the guesses that meet one on every side. Had Samuel Taylor Coleridge been a rich—or even moderately well-off—man, he and his wife would have undoubtedly ended their days under the same roof: an unromantic explanation, but nevertheless the true one. They now rest side by side in Highgate church-yard."[*]



THE CHAMBER OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



THE HOUSE OF THE GILLMANS AT HIGHGATE.

The three children of that marriage have all been, or are, distinguished in the world of letters. The eldest was Hartley Coleridge, who died young, but not until he had given to the world many poems that place his name among the poets of the century, giving him rank, indeed, beside his great father. He was tenderly beloved in life by the Laureate, Robert Southey, who alludes to him in "The Doctor" as his "wife's nephew;" and by William Wordsworth, who had depicted him, when a child, as one "whose genius from afar was brought;" and who, when his mortal remains were to be laid in Grasmere church-yard, selected the place for his burial close to his own allotted resting-place, saying, "Hartley, I know, would like to lie near me." Sara, the only daughter, married her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, and edited some of her great father's works, inheriting, indeed, much of his genius. Ample proof of this is given in her notes to the "Biographia Literaria," and the Introductory Essay to the "Aids to Reflection." Those who knew her describe her as lovely in person and in mind. Derwent Coleridge, the youngest of his children, is happily still with us, in healthy vigor. He has written a memoir, and edited the works, of his friend Mackworth Praed. He has long been recognized as a ripe scholar, and was formerly the Principal of St. Mark's College, Fulham: he is now the rector of Hanwell. His name is associated with that of his brother as his biographer and editor of his writings: with that of his father as the latest editor of his principal works. He has also published works on his own account, which evince his merit as a divine and critic, and, above all, as an educationist. Thus the name of Coleridge has been continued in honor and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation; for not long ago a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence, and was called away, and there are others who are bearing it with distinction. Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

It is unnecessary to name the Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, or his distinguished son, the present Solicitor-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, who represents in Parliament the city of Exeter, and who has high renown as one of the soundest lawyers and most eloquent of the men of the House of Commons.

The cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, in which the young couple went to reside, heedless of all the requirements of life, and with literally nothing "to begin life"[*] upon, is still standing, and is one of the "lions" of the place. The village was then essentially rural; it is now a fashionable watering-place. The cottage, which the poet thus describes:

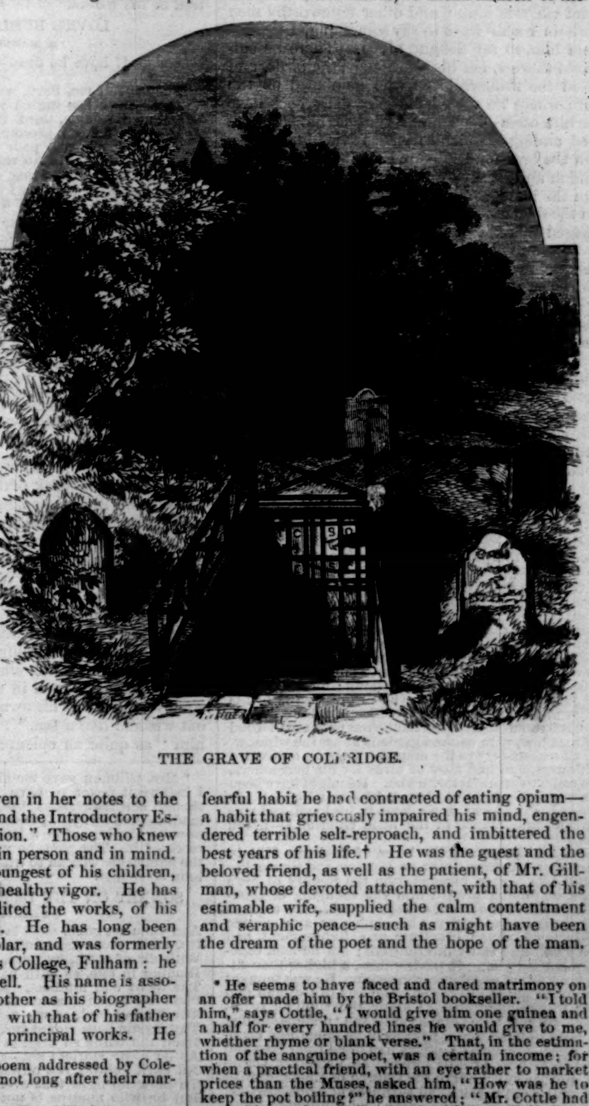
> "Low was our pretty cot—our tallest rose
> Peeped at the chamber window;
> ....In the open air
> Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
> Thick jasmines twined—"

is now common-place enough. "The white-flowered jasmine" and the "broad-leaved myrtle" ("meet emblems they of innocence and love") no longer blossom there; but the place has a memory; for there, out of "thick-coming fancies," were planned and penned some of the sweetest and grandest poems in our language—poems that have given joy to millions, and will continue to delight as long as that language is spoken or read. It is now called "Coleridge Cottage," and is depicted in the accompanying wood-cut. The Bristolians love the place for its fresh sea-breezes, and airs redolent of health that come from heath-covered downs. Will no generous hand restore as well as preserve it, that thither the young and hopeful and trustful may make pilgrimage, that there the aged may think calmly over a troubled past,

> "And tranquil muse upon tranquillity?"

Subsequently he removed to a cottage at Allfoxden. The rent of the cottage was but seven pounds a year. William Howitt describes it as a poor place; but the nightingales sing there yet, and traces of past pleasantness may be noted; the orchard trees, and the "lime-tree bower," in which the poet thought and wrote, flourish there still.

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled ways of the poet were calmed and harmonized in the home of the Gillmans at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance, to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of eating opium—a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and imbittered the best years of his life.[†] He was the guest and the beloved friend, as well as the patient, of Mr. Gillman, whose devoted attachment, with that of his estimable wife, supplied the calm contentment and seraphic peace—such as might have been the dream of the poet and the hope of the man.



THE GRAVE OF COLERIDGE.

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[*] In 1835 I printed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which I was then the editor, three letters from Coleridge to his wife (his "dearest love," from her "faithful husband"), dated May, 1799, which contain more details of his tour than are found in the "Fragments." I can not call to mind from whom I received them: a prefatory note states that they were given to the writer by Mr. Coleridge in 1828. It would appear that Wordsworth and Coleridge did not long travel together: Coleridge names his companions—Wordsworth is not among them. One of them, Dr. Clement Carlyon, F.R.S., published in 1836 a volume entitled "Early Years and Late Recollections," a principal part of which is occupied with details of this tour; it contains very little of any value. He states, however, that the beautiful poem, "I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height," was certainly written at the inn at Werningerode.

[*] These lines are from a poem addressed by Coleridge to his "pensive Sara," not long after their marriage:

> "Meek daughter in the family of Christ,
> Well hast thou said, and holily dispraised
> These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
> Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break
> On vain Philosophy's aye-bubbling spring."

[*] He seems to have faced and dared matrimony on an offer made him by the Bristol bookseller. "I told him," says Cottle, "I would give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines he would give to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." That, in the estimation of the sanguine poet, was a certain income; for when a practical friend, with an eye rather to market prices than the Muses, asked him, "How was he to keep the pot boiling?" he answered; "Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on that head."

[†] De Quincey more than insinuates that instead of Gillman persuading Coleridge to relinquish opium, Coleridge seduced Gillman into taking it.

Honored be the name, and reverenced the memory, of this "general practitioner," this true friend! It is recorded of Fulke Greville, the counselor of kings, that he ordered it to be placed on his monument, as his proudest boast, that he was

> "The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

It is a loftier title to the gratitude of posterity, that which James Gillman claims when his tombstone records the fact that he was

> "The friend of S. T. Coleridge,

carving also on the stone two of his dear friend's lines:

> "Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for Fame,
> He asked, and hoped through Christ—do thou same."

Gillman died on the 1st of June, 1837, having arranged to publish a Life of Coleridge, of which he produced but the first volume.*

Coleridge's habit of taking opium was no secret. In 1816 it had already reached a fearful pitch. It had produced "during many years an accumulation of bodily suffering that wasted the frame, poisoned the sources of enjoyment, and entailed an intolerable mental load that scarcely knew cessation;" the poet himself called it "the accursed drug." In 1814 Cottle wrote him a strong protest against this terrible and ruinous habit, entreating him to renounce it. Coleridge said in reply, "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend, Cottle, but it is oil of vitriol." He accounts for the "accursed habit" by stating that he had taken it first to obtain relief from intense bodily suffering, and he seriously contemplated entering a private insane asylum as the surest means of its removal. His remorse was terrible and perpetual; he was "rolling rudderless," "the wreck of what he once was," "helpless and hopeless." He revealed this "dominion" to De Quincey "with a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that poisoned his life. He describes it with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight, that had desolated his life;" the thief

> "To steal
> From my own nature all the natural man."

The habit was, it would seem, commenced in 1802; and if Mr. Cottle is to be credited, in 1814 he had been long accustomed to take "from two quarts of laudanum in a week to a pint a day." He did, it is said, ultimately conquer it; "there is more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than over the ninety-and-nine who need no repentance."

It was during his residence with the Gillmans that I knew Coleridge. He had arranged to write for the *Amulet*, and circumstances warranted my often seeing him—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. In this home at Highgate, where all even of his whims were studied with affectionate and attentive care, he preferred the quiet of home influences to the excitements of society; and although I more than once met there his friend Charles Lamb, and other noteworthy men of whom I shall have to say something, I usually found him, to my delight, alone. There he cultivated flowers, fed his pensioners, the birds, and wooed the little children who gamboled on the heath where he took his walks daily.† I have seen him often—as Thomas Carlyle (honored and loved among his many friends) saw him often—"on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave hearts still engaged there."‡ It is a beautiful view, such as can be rarely seen out of England, that which the poet had from the window of his bedchamber. Underneath, a valley, rich in "patrician trees," divides the hill of Highgate from that of Hampstead. The tower of the old church at Hampstead rises above a thick wood—a dense forest it seems—although here and there a graceful villa stands out from among the dark green drapery that enfolds it. It is easy to imagine the poet often contrasting this home-scene with that of "Brocken's sov'ran height," where no "finer influence of friend or child" had greeted him, and exclaiming,

> "Oh thou queen!
> Thou delegated Deity of earth,
> Oh dear, dear England!"

And what a wonderful change there is in the scene when the pilgrim to the shrine at Highgate leaves the garden, and walks a few steps beyond the elm avenue that still fronts the house! Here he looks over London, "the mighty heart" of a great free country:

> "Earth hath not any thing to show more fair;
> Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty."

Forty years have brought houses all about the place, and shut in the prospect; yet from any ascent you may see regal Windsor on one side, and Gravesend on the other—twenty miles of view, look which way you will. But when the poet dwelt there, all London was within ken a few yards from his door. The house has undergone some changes; still the garden is much as it was when I used to find the poet feeding his birds there. It has the same wall—moss-covered now—that overhangs the dell; a shady tree-walk shelters it from sun and rain; it was the poet's walk at mid-day. A venerable climber—the glycenas—was no doubt planted by the poet's hand; it was new to England when he was old, and what more likely than that his friends would have bidden him to plant it where it has since flourished forty years or more? Many who visit it will say, in the words of Charles Lamb, his "fifty years old friend, without a dissension," "What was his house is consecrated to me a chapel."

I was fortunate in sharing some of the regard of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. After the poet's death they gave me his inkstand (a plain inkstand of wood), which is before me as I write, and a myrtle on which his eyes were fixed as he died: it is now an aged and gnarled tree, and was long honored in our conservatory. As we have now no conservatory, a friend more fortunate has the charge of this treasure.*

One of the very few letters of Coleridge I have preserved I transcribe, as it illustrates his goodness of heart and willingness to put himself to inconvenience for others:

"DEAR SIR" (it runs),—"I received some five days ago a letter depicting the distress and urgent want of a widow and a sister, with whom, during the husband's lifetime, I was for two or three years a housemate, and yesterday the poor lady came up herself, almost clamorously soliciting me, not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein—but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20, which would save her from God knows what. On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation had so few intimates as myself—I recollected that before I left Highgate for the sea-side, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me. Whatever it be, it will go some way to eke out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea. You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly sinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you could make it convenient to inclose to me, however small the sum may be, if it amount to a bank-note of any denomination, directed 'Grove, Highgate,' where I am, and expect to be any time for the next eight months. In the mean time, believe me,

"Your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"*4th December*, 1828."

I find also, at the back of one of his manuscripts, the following poem, which I believe to be unpublished. I can not discover it in any edition of his works.

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A MADRIGAL.

Lady.—If Love be dead—
Poet.— And I aver it.
Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.
Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born.
Oh, gentle dame, think it no scorn
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line—
"Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But caught a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline!"

I have engraved a copy of his autograph lines, as he wrote them in Mrs. Hall's Album; they will be found too, as a note, in the "Biographia Literaria:"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE BUTTERFLY ON THE SECOND LEAF OF THIS ALBUM.

The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name
But of the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life! For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed!

S. T. COLERIDGE,

30th April, 1830.

All who had the honor of the poet's friendship or acquaintance speak of the marvelous gift which gave to this illustrious man almost a character of inspiration. Montgomery describes the poetry of Coleridge as like electricity, "flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect," and contrasts it with that of Wordsworth, like galvanism, "not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influences." Wilson, in the "Noctes," writes thus: "Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most eloquent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine;" and in another place, "He becomes inspired by his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea." Wordsworth speaks of him "as quite an epicure in sound." The liveliest and truest image he could give of Coleridge's talk was that of "a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand, then came flashing out, broad and distinct, then again took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you knew and felt that it was the same river." The painter Haydon makes note of his "lazy luxury of poetical outpouring;" and Rogers ("Table-Talk") is reported to have said, "One morning, breakfasting with me, he talked for three hours without intermission, so admirably that I wished every word he uttered had been written down;" but he does not quote a single sentence of all the poet said.* And a writer in the *Quarterly Review* expresses his belief that nothing is too high for the grasp of his conversation, nothing too low; it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendor, an ease and a power, that almost seemed inspired." De Quincey said that he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." Of Coleridge, Shelley writes:

> "All things he seemed to understand,
> Of old or new, at sea or land,
> Save his own soul, which was a mist."

The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak—"linked sweetness long drawn out;" it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, who rarely carried away any of the gems that fell from the poet's lips.

I have listened to him more than once for above an hour, of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have attempted a song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance: his face, when I knew him, was overladen with flesh, and its expression impaired; yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet almost in adoration. My own hair is white now; yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. Yet I can not recall—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. In his "Table-Talk" there is a world of wisdom, but that is only a collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his presence unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast.† And probably there has never been an author who was less of an egotist: it was never of himself he talked; he was always under the influence of that divine precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can recall many evening rambles with him over the high lands that look down on London; but the memory I cherish most is linked with a crowded street, where the clumsy and the coarse jostled the old man eloquent, as if he had been earthy, of the earth. It was in the Strand: he pointed out to me the window of a room in the office of the *Morning Post* where he had consumed much midnight oil; and then for half an hour he talked of the sorrowful joy he had often felt when, leaving the office as day was dawning, he heard the song of a caged lark that sung his orisons from the lattice of an artisan who was rising to begin his labor as the poet was pacing homeward to rest after his work all night. Thirty years had passed, but that unforgotten melody—that dear bird's song—gave him then as much true pleasure as when, to his wearied head and heart, it was the matin hymn of nature.

I remember once meeting him in Paternoster Row; he was inquiring his way to Bread Street, Cheapside, and, of course, I endeavored to explain to him that if he walked on for about two hundred yards, and took the fourth turning to the right, it would be the street he wanted. I noted his expression, so vague and unenlightened, that I could not help expressing my surprise as I looked earnestly at his forehead, and saw the organ of "locality" unusually prominent above the eyebrows. He took my meaning, laughed, and said, "I see what you are looking at: why at school my head was beaten into a mass of bumps because I could not point out Paris in a map of France." It has been said that Spurzheim pronounced him to be a mathematician, and affirmed that he could not be a poet. Such opinion the great phrenologist could not have expressed, for undoubtedly he had a large organ of ideality, although at first it was not perceptible, in consequence of the great breadth and height of his profound forehead.

Whenever it was my privilege to be admitted to the evening meetings at Highgate, I met some of the men who were then famous, and have since become parts of the literature of England, among whom sat Coleridge talking, and looking "all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility," though fully aware that he was the centre of an intellectual circle. Indeed, to his utter unselfishness witness is tendered by all who have ever written concerning him; he seemed striving to think how much he could give to, and never what he might get from, those with whom he came in contact. Even his engrossing conversation is evidence of this; and there is abundant proof that he ever sought to make the best of the works of others, though very rarely referring to his own.

I attended one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, and I strive to recall him as he stood before his audience there. There was but little animation; his theme did not seem to stir him into life; the ordinary repose of his countenance was rarely broken up; he used little or no action; and his voice, though mellifluous, was monotonous. He lacked, indeed, that earnestness without which no man is truly eloquent.

At the time I speak of he was growing corpulent and heavy. Being seldom free from pain, he moved apparently with difficulty, yet liked to walk, with shuffling gait, up and down and about the room as he talked, pausing now and then as if oppressed by suffering.

I need not say that I was a silent listener during the evenings to which I refer, when there were present some of those who "teach us from their urns;" but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—one of the humblest, and one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshipers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the "thick, waving, silver hair"—the still clear blue eye; and on such occasions I used to leave him as if I were in a waking dream, trying to recall, here and there, a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey.

May I not now lament that I did not foresee a time when I might be called upon to write concerning this good, and great, and most lovable man? How much I might have enriched these pages—now but weak records of the impressions I received!

Many famous men have described the personal appearance of the poet. The best portrait of him is, I think, from the pen of Wordsworth:

> "A noticeable man, with large, gray eyes,
> And a *pale* face, that seemed, undoubtedly,
> As if a *blooming* face it ought to be;
> Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
> Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy;
> Profound his forehead was, though not severe.

Wordsworth also speaks of him as "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and as "often too much in love with his own dejection." That the one loved the other dearly is certain: they were more than mere words those that Wordsworth addressed to Coleridge:

> "Oh friend! oh poet! brother of my soul!"

But the earliest word-portrait we have of him was drawn by Wordsworth's sister in 1797: "At first I thought him very plain; that is, for about three minutes. He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. His eye is large and full, and not dark, but gray—such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead." This is De Quincey's sketch of him in 1807: "In height he seemed about five feet eight inches; in reality he was an inch and a half taller.* His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were soft and large in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light." "A lady of Bristol," writes De Quincey, "assured me she had not seen a young man so engaging in his exterior as Coleridge when young, in 1796. He had then a blooming and healthy complexion, beautiful and luxuriant hair falling in natural curls over his shoulders." Lockhart says, "Coleridge has a grand head; nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury of his lips." Hazlitt describes him in early manhood as "with a complexion clear, and even light, a forehead broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. His mouth was rather open, his chin good-humored and round, and his nose small. His hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in smooth masses over his forehead—long, liberal hair, peculiar to enthusiasts."

> "A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread."

Sir Humphrey Davy, writing of him in 1808, says, "His mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briers, and parasitical plants: with the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And Leigh Hunt speaks of his open, indolent, good-natured mouth, and of his forehead as "prodigious—a great piece of placid marble." Wordsworth again—

> "Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,
> Tossing his limbs about him in delight."

In the autumn of 1833, Emerson, on his second visit to England, called on Coleridge. He found him, "to appearance, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine, clear complexion." The poet, however, did not impress the American favorably, and the hour's talk was of "no use, beyond the gratification of curiosity." They did not assimilate: it was not given to the hard and cold thinker to comprehend the nature of "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes;" and assuredly

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* Gillman published but one volume of a Life of Coleridge. The copy he gave me contains his corrections for another edition. De Quincey says of it that "it is a thing deader than a door-nail, which is waiting vainly, and for thousands of years is doomed to wait, for its sister volume, namely, Volume Second." It must be ever regretted, that of the poet's later life, of which he knew so much, he wrote nothing; but the world was justified in expecting, even in the details of his earlier pilgrimage, something which it did not get.

† "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of the little children."—LEIGH HUNT.

‡ "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic, character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what the 'understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua.* A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood, escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deluges with 'God, freedom, immortality,' still his: a king of men!"—CARLYLE.

* Mrs. Gillman gave me also the following sonnet. I believe it never to have been published; but, although she requested I "would not have copies of it made to give away," I presume the prohibition can not now be binding, after a lapse of thirty years since I received it. The poet, he who wrote the sonnet, and the admirable woman to whom it was addressed, have long since met.

SONNET ON THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

And thou art gone, most loved, most honor'd friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth, its pure, ideal tones
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The human soul, as when, push'd off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,
To plow up light that ever round us stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, AMERICA.
For my *still* dear friend,
MRS. GILLMAN, of the Grove, Highgate.

* Madame De Staël said that Coleridge was "rich in a monologue, but poor in a dialogue;" and Hazlitt said, sneeringly, "Excellent talker, very—if you would let him start from no premises, and come to no conclusion."

† It may not be forgotten that the Rev. Edward Irving, in dedicating to Coleridge one of his books, acknowledges his obligations to the venerable sage for many valuable teachings, "as a spiritual man and as a Christian pastor," lessons derived from his "*conversations*" concerning the revelations of the Christian faith—"helps in the way of truth"—from listening to his discourses. Charles Lamb thus writes: "He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Hebron or Zion?" Coleridge has said "he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtile fancies by word of mouth."

* De Quincey elsewhere states his height to be five feet ten inches—exactly the height of Wordsworth—both having been measured in the studio of the painter Haydon.

Coleridge could have had but small sympathy with his unsought-for, and perhaps unwelcome, guest. A more minute, and certainly a more true, picture is that which Carlyle formed of him, in words, some years later, and probably not long before his removal from earth: "Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude: in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in cork-screw fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things." About the same period a writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus pictures him: "His clerical-looking dress, the thick, waving, silver hair, the youthful-colored cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick, yet steady and penetrating greenish-gray eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones." Procter, writing of him, says: "In his mature age he had a full round face, a fine broad forehead, rather thick lips, and strange, dreamy eyes." In Lamb's words, "His white hair shrouded a capacious brain."

There are several portraits of him. The best is that which was painted by his friend Allston, the American artist, at Rome, in 1806. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure."* The portrait on page 276 is engraved from the painting by Northcote: it strongly recalls him to my remembrance.

Although in youth and earlier manhood Coleridge had perpetually been

> "Chasing chance-starting friendships,"

not long before his death he is described as "thankful for the deep, calm peace of mind he then enjoyed—a peace such as he had never before experienced, nor scarcely hoped for." All things were then looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonized.

It is true that he failed to perform all he purposed to do: of what high soul can it be said otherwise? But his friend Justice Talfourd, who, while testifying to the benignity of his nature, describes his life as "one splendid and sad prospectus," does the poet and philosopher scant justice. What he *might* have done was, perhaps, hardly known to himself, and could but be guessed at by others. Whatever the "promise" may have been, the "performance" was prodigious. To quote the words of his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, "he did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant." The American edition of his works, which is not quite complete, extends to seven closely printed volumes, each of more than seven hundred pages! If he had done nothing but "talk," his life would not have been spent idly or in vain, as the "Table-Talk" may testify; but as a writer, who of the generation has done more? If, as Hazlitt writes, in the later years of his life, "he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice," and if, according to Wordsworth, "his mental power was frozen at its marvelous source,"† yet what a world of wealth he has bequeathed to us, although the whole produce of his pen in poetry is compressed within one single small volume! All must lament that this illustrious man, whom De Quincey describes as "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men," should have given way to the evil habit which made life miserable to him. But while lamenting what we have thereby lost, we may be consoled by the excellence of what has been preserved.

A few months ago I again drove to Highgate, and visited the house in which the poet passed so many happy years of calm contentment and seraphic peace; again repeated these lines, which, next to his higher faith, expressed the faith by which his life was ruled and guided:

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all!"‡

His mortal remains lie in a vault in the graveyard of the old church at Highgate. He was a "stranger" in the parish where he died, notwithstanding his long residence there, and was, therefore, interred alone. Not long afterward, however, the vault was built to receive the body of his wife. There the two rest together. It is inclosed by a thick iron grating, the interior lined with white marble, containing the letters marked in the wood-cut. When I visited the tomb in 1864, one of the marble slabs had accidentally given way, and the coffin was partially exposed. I laid my hand upon it in solemn reverence, and gratefully recalled to memory him who, in his own emphatic words, had

> "Here found life in death."

The tablet that contains the epitaph is on one of the side walls of the new church. It was consecrated two years before the poet's departure; and although it shuts out his view of mighty London, it was pleasant to know that in his later days he had often looked on that temple of God. The tablet that records the death of Mr. Gillman (and also that of his wife, who survived him many years) is of the same size and form as that of the friend they loved so dearly.*

I would omit only the word "perchance" when I quote these lines from the poet, and to the poet apply them—to him who works untrammeled in another sphere, beloved by the Master he served in this:

> "Meek at the throne of mercy and of God,
> Perchance thou raisest high th' enraptured hymn,
> Amid the blaze of seraphim!"

More than once I met, with Coleridge, at the house of the Gillmans, and afterward at other places, that most remarkable man—"martyr and saint," as Mrs. Oliphant styles him—Edward Irving. He and Coleridge were singular contrasts—in appearance, that is to say, for their minds and souls were in harmony. The Scottish minister was very tall, powerful in frame, and of great physical vigor; "a gaunt and gigantic figure," his long, black, "wavy" hair hanging partially over his shoulders. His features were large and strongly marked; but the expression was grievously marred, like that of Whitefield, by a squint that abstracted much from his "apostolic" character, and must have operated prejudicially as regarded his mission. His mouth was exquisitely "cut:" it might have been a model for a sculptor who desired to portray strong will combined with generous sympathy. Yet he looked what he was—a brave man; a man whom no abuse could humble, no injuries subdue, no oppression crush. To me he realized the idea of John the Baptist—"one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about him, and whose food was locusts and wild honey."

Gilfillan represents Irving in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits"—a work of rare worth, the value of which will increase more and more as time removes the "originals" farther off: "His aspect wild, yet grave, as of one laboring under some mighty burden; his voice deep, yet clear, and with crashes of power alternatory with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the midnight motion of the oak in the hurricane."

Three great men have borne testimony to the high qualities of his heart and mind. Procter says of him: "He was one of the best and truest men it has been my good fortune to meet in life." Lamb describes him as "firm, outspeaking, intrepid, and docile as a pupil of Pythagoras." And this is the testimony of Thomas Carlyle: "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means; he was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul man ever came in contact with; the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find." Those who would know more of him may consult the volumes of his biographer, Mrs. Oliphant.

In the pulpit—where I lament to say I heard him but once, and then not under the peculiar influences that so often swayed and guided him—he was undoubtedly an orator, thoroughly earnest in his work, and beyond all question deeply and solemnly impressed with the duty to which he was devoted. I fancy I see him there now—as Hazlitt writes, "launching into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind." At times, no doubt, his manner, action, and appearance bordered on the grotesque; but it was impossible to listen without being carried away by the intense fervor and fiery zeal with which he dwelt on the promises, or annunciated the threats, of the prophets, his predecessors. His vehemence was often startling, sometimes appalling. Leigh Hunt called him "the Boanerges of the Temple." He was a soldier, as well as a servant, of the Cross. Few men of his age aroused more bitter or more unjust and unchristian hostility. He was in advance of his time; perhaps, if he were living now, he would still be so, for the spirituality of his nature can not yet be understood. There were not wanting those who decried him as a pretender, a hypocrite, and a cheat: those who knew him best depose to the honesty of his heart, the depth of his convictions, the fervor of his faith; and many yet live who will indorse this eloquent tribute of his biographer: "To him mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature:" he "desired to know nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation, but the will and work of the Master he loved." To some he was but the "comet of a season;" to others he was a burning and a shining light, that, issuing from the obscure Scottish town of Annan, heralded the way to life eternal. He died in 1834, comparatively young: there were but forty-two years between his birth and death. More than thirty years have passed since he was called from earth, and to this generation the name of Edward Irving is little more than a sound, "signifying nothing;" yet it was a power in his day, and the seed he scattered can not all have fallen among thorns. His love for Coleridge was devoted—a mingling of admiration, affection, and respect. "At the feet of that Gamaliel he sat meekly." Their friendship lasted for years, and was full of kindness on the part of the philosopher, and of reverential respect on that of Irving, who, following the natural instinct of his own ingenuous nature, changed in an instant, in such a presence, from the orator who, speaking in God's name, assumed a certain austere pomp of position, more like an authoritative priest than a mere presbyter, into the simple and candid listener, more ready to learn than he was to teach.

They were made acquainted by a mutual friend, Basil Montagu, who himself occupied no humble station in intellectual society. His "evenings" were often rare mental treats: he presented the most refined picture of a gentleman—tall, slight, courteous, seemingly ever smiling, yet without an approach to insincerity: he had the esteem of his contemporaries, and the homage of the finer spirits of his time. They were earned and merited. "Gentle enthusiast in the cause of humanity"—that is what Talfourd calls Basil Montagu. Those who knew him knew also his wife—one of the most admirable women I have ever known. She was likened to Mrs. Siddons, and forcibly recalled the portraits of that eminently gifted woman: tall and stately, and with evidence, which time had by no means obliterated, of great beauty in youth; her expression somewhat severe, yet gracious in manner and generous in words. She had been the honored associate of many of the finer spirits of her time, and not a few of them were her familiar friends.* She might have suggested these lines to Joanna Baillie:

> "So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
> I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
> Methought I could have compassed sea and land
> her bidding."

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE United States Department of Agriculture was established by act of Congress, approved May 15, 1862. In the law creating it its general designs and duties are defined to be "to acquire and to diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and to procure, propagate, and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants."

The law provides for the appointment of a "Commissioner of Agriculture," to "be the chief executive officer of the Department of Agriculture," and, in prescribing his duties, further indicates the object of the department. It says he is "to acquire and preserve in his department all information concerning agriculture which he can obtain by means of books and correspondence, by practical and scientific experiments (accurate records of which experiments shall be kept in his office), by the collection of statistics, and by any other appropriate means within his power; to collect, as he may be able, new and valuable seeds and plants; to test, by cultivation, the value of such of them as may require such tests; to propagate such as may be worthy of propagation, and to distribute them among agriculturists."

The first recognition which the agricultural interest of the country received from Congress in the way of appropriation of public money was under date of March 3, 1839, when it was enacted by request of Hon. H. L. ELLSWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, that a sum of money not exceeding one thousand dollars should be appropriated out of the patent fund, to be expended by the Commissioner of Patents in the collection of agricultural statistics, and for other agricultural purposes. Similar appropriations were made in succeeding years, after 1842, the amount being gradually increased to $5000 for the year 1853, and paid from the Patent-Office fund; that office, however, being reimbursed in that year, by act of Congress, in the sum of $39,000, the full amount of its outlay on account of agriculture. In 1854 Congress appropriated $10,000 for agriculture; and in 1862, the year in which the division of the Patent-Office having charge of agricultural matters was erected into a national department, the appropriation had been increased to $60,000. The Commissioner of Patents annually made reports to Congress of the results of efforts in behalf of agriculture, the same being published under the title of "Patent-Office Reports—Agriculture," and the first, in 1839, containing fifty-four pages. From the establishment of the government up to and including the year 1862 the direct public expenditure for the encouragement of agricultural industry amounted to only $554,000—less than the actual benefit conferred upon the country by a single importation and distribution of grain by the present Commissioner, at a cost not exceeding that of the legislative act which instituted the department. The total expenditure in behalf of agricultural interests has been exceedingly small—a pittance in comparison with the universality and magnitude of these interests, and with the amounts annually appropriated to foster and build up others, of which the claims are no greater, though more persistently pressed. And with the small appropriations allowed the Commissioner has, with a tact and frugality not always imitated, kept the expenditures within the limits of the current appropriations, while carrying out to a highly satisfactory extent the designs of such a department.

The Department of Agriculture continued to occupy rooms in the Patent-Office building until the completion of the edifice designed for its permanent occupation, in August, 1868. The department building is located upon a reservation of government land, containing thirty-five acres, between the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution and those containing the incomplete Washington Monument, and commands a very fine view of all those grounds, a large portion of the city, and of the adjacent country. It is one hundred and seventy feet long by sixty-one feet deep, and consists of a finished basement, three full stories, and Mansard roof. It is designed in the *Renaissance* style of architecture, and the front (north) presents a centre building with main entrance, flanked by projecting wings. The material is pressed brick, with brown-stone base, belts, trimmings, and cornices. There are on the first-floor above the basement fourteen rooms, besides a fine octagonal vestibule and ample corridor. The library, containing over seven thousand volumes, many of which are rare and valuable, is in the west wing, and is twenty by sixty-one feet in size. There are fourteen rooms upon the first-floor, ten of which are twenty feet square, and all are sixteen feet in height. The rooms of the Commissioner and chief clerk are finished by wainscoting in "American wood-hanging" in elegant style. The others are finished by paneling in encaustic paint, and with frescoed ceilings. The office and laboratory of the chemist and his assistants occupy the east end, first-floor, with a large room in the basement. The former contains a small special library, and fine geological and mineralogical cabinets, which are constantly being enlarged by contributions. In these rooms analyses of earth, plants, fuller's-earths, the various kinds of clay and limestones, calcareous minerals, roofing-slates, varieties of pyrites, bituminous shales, blendes, iron, copper, silver, and gold ores, marls, wines, mineral waters, etc., have been and are carried on. The employment of the laboratory is directed to subjects of importance to scientific agriculture mainly, and is intended to be entirely so. The main portion of the second story is occupied by the Museum of Agriculture, and is approached by a double flight of fire-proof stairs from the centre opposite the vestibule, lit by a grand window of stained glass. This hall, or museum, is one hundred and two feet long, fifty-two feet wide, and twenty-seven feet high, and is lighted through ten windows, each seven by sixteen feet. It has a bold curved stucco cornice, with brackets sculptured in colossal Indian busts, and is adorned by festoons of flowers and fruits, and medallion shields into which are worked the escutcheons of the United States, surrounded by those of the thirty-seven States of the Union in chronological succession. The museum is designed to be one of reference and strict utility, from which, and the books and notes of reference connected with it, and from the attendants, such information as is desired by the visitors may be obtained concerning the history, production, health, etc., of all kinds of agricultural products, especially those suited to our own country.

It contains, for instance, about fifteen hundred accurately moulded and colored specimens of fruits; five hundred specimens of native and twelve hundred of foreign grain; over two hundred specimens of corn in the ear; about one hundred of sugar and fifty of molasses, from various substances; forty of Indian food; cases of specimens of economic substances, as oils, gums, dyes; cases of American birds and fowls, and such as may be acclimatized here; the finest collection of silk cocoons in the country; various fibre specimens, as wool, cotton, hemp, flax, flax-cotton, ramie, asclepias, jute, etc., and miscellaneous tropical fibres; specimens of woods arranged according to botanical classification; forage plants; and, not least in interest, between seven and eight thousand accurately drawn and colored representations of injurious insects, with reference on each plate to book and page where their natural history is to be found—the etching upon copper, printing, coloring, labeling, and research being the work of the accomplished entomologist, done in the mornings and evenings of a few years. At the western terminus of the museum are the rooms of the entomologist, and one of extra size devoted to the use of the botanist, containing a valuable herbarium of about fifteen hundred species.

At the eastern terminus are the rooms of the statistician and some of his assistants. In them are prepared the annual and monthly reports of the department, a work of great labor and care, involving regular correspondence and the collec-

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* This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery—a recent acquisition.

† Very early in his life Lord Egmont said of him, "He talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." De Quincey speaks of his indolence as "inconceivable;" and Joseph Cottle relates some amusing instances of his forgetfulness even of the hour at which he had arranged to deliver a lecture to an assembled audience.

‡ It was once said to me, by a common "navvy," "I wouldn't give much for a man's Christianity if his dog was none the better for it."

* These are the inscriptions on the monument to both Coleridge and his friend Gillman:

Sacred to the Memory
of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life
In this hamlet.
He quitted the "body of this death"
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
JAMES and ANN GILLMAN,
The friends with whom he lived
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
s disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an *ever-enduring, ever-loving* friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home companion.

"O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher, contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love,
Here, on thy monumental stone, thy friends inscribe
thy worth."

Reader! for the world mourn,
Light has passed away from the earth;
But for this pious and exalted Christian
Rejoice, and again I say unto you, Rejoice!
Ubi
Thesaurus,
Ibi
Cor.
S. T. C.

Sacred to the Memory
of
JAMES GILLMAN, SURGEON
(The friend of S. T. Coleridge),
For many years an eminent practitioner in this place.
He died at Ramsgate, where his remains are interred, on the 1st of June, 1839, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Whilst on earth his integrity of heart and generosity of character gained the confidence and esteem of men.

His Christian faith has, we humbly trust, through the merit of the Saviour, obtained the promise of a better inheritance.

"Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for Fame—
He asked, and hoped through Christ! Do thou the same."

HIGHGATE, 13*th Nov.*, 1842.

* Procter, "Barry Cornwall," is the husband of the daughter of Mrs. Montagu by a former marriage, and their daughter, Adelaide Procter, during her brief life, made a name that will be classed with those of the best poets of the century. Basil Montagu was the son of Lord Sandwich and Miss Rea, an actress, the story of whose murder is one of the English *causes célèbres*.